HARPER'S WEEKLY

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HIS FORMER SCHOOL TEACHER

By John Sloan

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A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Prices, Trusts, and Credit

THE relations between monopoly of credit and monopoly in production are extremely close. We have already announced a series of nine articles by Mr. Brandeis discussing various aspects of monopoly of credit, of the so-called Money Trust, and proposed specific remedies. Since the President has announced that trust legislation will be the principal business of Congress as soon as the money bill has passed, Mr. Brandeis has decided to precede his Money Trust articles with two articles on the general trust situation. One of them outlines a program for legislation and the other discusses price maintenance, explaining how, rightly conducted, it works against monopoly and not for it. The first of these two articles appears in this issue; the other will be printed next week; and then the Money Trust articles will follow, beginning with November 22d.

How Their Minds Work

SPEAKING of Mr. Brandeis, we are reminded of the standpat view of him and of his influence. While he is appearing to progressive minds as the most penetrating and constructive thinker at present studying industrial needs, to the reactionary he looks like the power denoted by horns, tail and hoofs. Discussing the latest wreck on the New Haven railway soon after Mr. Brandeis's "Banker-Management" appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY, a group of conservative business men were trying to explain the latest terrible wreck on the New Haven. They decided it was due to a general demoralization of the personnel, caused by investigations and criticisms. In other words, the wrecks were caused by Mr. Brandeis. Wherever any unfortunate condition is shown up, and any step ahead prepared for, that is the way the standpat mind works. It blames the doctor for the existence of the disease.

Morals of Christabel

SAVAGE attacks have been made in some of the British papers, and in some American papers, on the articles which Christabel Pankhurst has been running in *The Suffragette* on the dangers of marriage. They have been accused of immorality and indecency. Certainly they are neither immoral nor indecent. They are perfectly straightforward, and also, in substance they are entirely true, constitute a needed and valuable warning, and increase the pressure on men to improve in sympathy with women and in restraint. The criticism to which they are fairly open is that they resemble somewhat the articles on drink which the early prohibitionist used to have printed. They are shrill and they exaggerate.

Fashionable Diseases

COMPLAINTS of the body have their social standing. There is a hierarchy of disease, and in it are many surprises. Tuberculosis, for instance, to which no obloquy really attaches, is usually concealed, at least in its earlier stages, and called by some other name. Locomotor ataxia, on the other hand, in spite of its usually discreditable origin, has been one of the diseases in the highest social standing. People almost boast of it. Probably, as the cause becomes more generally known, it will lose its glory. We change most slowly in little things. This is one of the absurdities that has survived since the days of aristocracies, in spite of our theories on the dignity of poverty and the disgracefulness of vice.

The Arkansas Idea

TWO constitutional amendments were recently submitted to the Arkansas electorate. One disfranchised the mass of illiterate voters and was aimed especially at the negroes. The other outlawed the saloon. Either would have been adopted if submitted alone, but the Anti-Prohibitionists combined with the negroes, saw that they were registered and voted, and both amendments were defeated. The legislature was elected by the white voters and was overwhelmingly for state prohibition. A new expedient was adopted. A law was enacted providing that liquor licenses should be granted by city officials only upon a petition signed by a majority of the white residents, men and women. The law has just been declared constitutional by the state Supreme Court. By national law, we prohibit the sale of liquor to Indians, and by international agreement to the South Sea Islanders, and it is a matter of common knowledge that whiskey is as demoralizing to the negroes in the South as fire-water ever was to the Indians. Arkansas lawyers contend that this form of petition is not an exercise of the suffrage, and that the matter is one relating solely to the exercise of the police power of the State for the good of society. The law aims at the protection of the negro population from its chief curse. It is unique in recognizing the interest of the women in the abolition of the saloon. If the Supreme Court upholds the Arkansas Court, not a saloon license can be granted in a single city in that state, and Arkansas will join the ranks of the Prohibition states of the South.

Aftermaths

THERE was an obvious connection between the votes in the Senate against free lumber, in the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, and the votes for the acquittal of Lorimer, and there has also been a singular fatality for those who voted thus. Bailey refused to entrust himself again to the suffrages of the Texans. Paynter did not long contest the issue with Ollie James in Kentucky. Simmons voted for Lorimer the first time and against him the second, because of additional evidence, and in his campaign for re-election, which was successful, a good part of his time was taken up explaining his votes. John Walter Smith of Maryland and Fletcher of Florida have their explaining yet to do, and there is strong opposition to their re-election. The Lorimer issue did not come up in the House, of course, but free lumber was an issue, and Underwood gave a body blow to Hobson, in their recent war of words on the floor, by reminding him of his vote against free lumber, in violation of his party platform, because of the lumber interests of his congressional district, and Hobson will have to explain.

Hobson is an amusing character, but like others of the oratorical type, his thinking is frequently marked by somewhat more heat than light.

How to Whiten the Seas

CONGRESSIONAL discussion about our merchant marine always begins with the statement that once our sails "whitened the seas," an expression that occurs more often in the *Congressional Record*, than "leaving no stone unturned." The Panama Canal Act, passed last year, adopted the free-ship policy, yet not a single ship has thus far been added to American registry. In the present Tariff Bill the House tried the old plan of discriminatory duties for goods carried in ships of American registry, but that involved treaty relations and the Senate rejected it. John Sharp Williams gave a terse description of the cause of the disappearance of the merchant marine. After showing how the "sails of our ships whitened the seas" up to 1860, because of the abundance and excellence of the live-oak shipbuilding material and the efficiency of our shipbuilders, giving us a marked advantage over Great Britain, he said:

"Just about that time it was discovered that you could make a ship out of iron and that it would float. So the *Virginia*, which had been the *Merrimac*, was clothed with railroad iron, and then that little cockleshell of a cheese-box came down and they had their fight, and after that time the ship-building business was revolutionized. They first began to build iron ships and then they began to build steel ships, and the position between us and Great Britain was reversed. Great Britain at that time produced iron and steel at one-half in the one case and one-third in the other case, the price at which we could produce them."

Has not the time arrived when we can compete again with the nations of the world in building steel ships, considering the fact that we can compete in the manufacture of so many other products of our steel mills? It is a subject that President Wilson has very much at heart.

Kent of California

LISTEN to his picturesque description of United States currency: "Our present currency system is a crazy-quilt of mutual and reciprocal profanities—gold, silver at a false ratio, gold certificates, silver certificates calling for fifty cents on the dollar's worth of metal, Treasury certificates redeemable in coin, a few outstanding blood-stained and pensioned greenbacks, and bank notes which in their basic character remind one of the struggle of the bankrupt to live on the interest of his debts."

As to compelling national banks to come into the new banking system: "I do not object to the mandatory feature, for the bill will prove a source of profit to legitimate banking, and those not willing to accept its provisions should not claim the federal brand, but, as we cowmen say, 'should be vented and re-branded.' Banks cannot claim the federal good-will and the federal name without complying with the federal law. They can take their little dishes and play in the state yards, if they see fit."

The most completely independent men in the House; a progressive Republican who voted for Roosevelt and for the first two great measures of the Wilson Administration; who opposed intervention in Mexico, because he would not have a drop of blood shed to protect his investments there, who does his thinking under his own hat, wears no party shackles upon his wrists, and never prostitutes his tongue or pen to the support of what he does not believe in, that is Kent. Yale helped to start his ideals, Chicago gave his training in the fight for efficiency in government, and the Pacific Coast is now rejoicing in his wide and tolerant outlook upon life.

Freedom in Massachusetts

THE *Boston Journal* deserves a good boost for the fight it is making for free journalism, and, at the same time, a great, strong boost ought to be given to George W. Anderson, the new Public Service Commissioner. For three years, Mr. Brandeis has been trying in various proceedings to get an itemized account of the expenditures of the New Haven for lobbying and publicity, but this attempt, until recently, has been unsuccessful. In connection with the proposed sixty-seven-million-dollar bond issue, he suggested to the counsel for the Public Service Commission that that Commission should call for such a statement. In response to the call for information by the Commission, the railroad filed a statement which has created consternation, because it discloses not only payments to many lobbyists and some legislators but also to newspaper writers. The *Journal* has been particularly fearless in uncovering the amounts paid, not only to such sheets as the *Boston News Bureau*, but to many reporters on the newspapers of Boston and other Massachusetts towns.

The press is truly a mighty power and one newspaper which sets out to accomplish its real duty of remaining free and telling the whole truth on matters of importance can make itself the spokesman of those working for progress and count very seriously in the history of even so large a city as Boston.

Fidelity

LOVE that varies in its object may be fine in quality; but it is not the type; it is not the norm; it departs from what is instinctively demanded by the passion of love itself, when most completely developed; and it also fails to help the development of the stable family unit, which is the most satisfactory unit of civilization, because it gives to children the warmth they crave and the individual attention they need, and because it encourages the virtues of devotion, self-control, sobriety, and the social spirit.

George Sand was an example of the high soul that is yet unfitted for constancy. Her changeableness in love was part of her unceasing search for material. She said:

> To great minds the entire universe is necessary: the works of God and the works of man. The fountain of pure water invites and charms you, but not for an instant do you repose there. You must exhaust Michelangelo and Raphael before you linger on the wayside; and when you have washed off the dust of the journey in the waters of the spring, you pass on, saying: "Let us see what more there is under the sun."

Even the poets and artists, however, who naturally seek what gives intellectual stimulation more than what helps the usual conduct of life, have, on the whole, praised permanence in love. Shakespeare says:

> Love is not love
> Which alters when it alteration finds,
> Or bends with the remover to remove.
> Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
> That looks on tempests and is never shaken.
> It is the star to any wandering bark
> Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
> Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
> Within his bending sickle's compass come;
> Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
> But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

Shakespeare's is the nobler ideal, as it is the nobler poetry. Women are more steadily imbued with this ideal than men, perhaps because fidelity in woman means that her burdens are shared by another. Naturally, therefore, it is in her an instinct. In man, on the contrary, faithfulness means the assumption of burdens that he might escape. It calls, therefore, for training, for imaginative realization of others. We need, for the working out of civilization, the creation of a new man—one less predatory, less cruel, more tender, more just. Women must help. These lines of Stephen Phillips' must cease to be true:

> What is the love of men that women seek?
> In its beginning pale with cruelty,
> But having sipped of beauty, negligent,
> And full of languor and distaste.

Under the sole rule of man, the differences between himself and woman have been exaggerated. When she is no longer encouraged to be without one set of virtues, and he is no longer excused for being without another set, there will be a new world. It will be a world with more freedom, but it will be a world in which ethical standards are not lower or looser than they are today, but higher and more exacting; made more welcome because they are more just.

Prose and Verse

THOSE larger conventions, as long as they are fresh and true, are a true stimulus to genius, which literalism seldom is. Thomas Hardy says: "The shortest way to good prose is by the route of good verse." Nietzsche has written:

"One writes good prose only face to face with poetry. . . . Apart from Goethe, who is justly claimed by the century that produced him, I reguard only Giacomo Leopardi, Prosper Mérimée, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Walter Savage Landor, author of the 'Imaginary Conversations,' as worthy to be called masters of prose."

Nietzsche was writing of the nineteenth century. Hardy, Kipling, Stevenson, and Meredith, in our day, although better known in prose, have written verse, as did Hazlitt, Lamb, and De Quincey in their century. Lafcadio Hearn, Edith Wharton, George Santayana, are among those of our contemporaries who have written good verse, although their reputation is mostly in prose. Will the rule hold of the future? It is not an era of verse, and, the realistic movement having spent its greatest force, the time may well be near when there will be a return to the language of the larger conventions.

Facing the Music

A SECTION man shoveling dirt nine hours a day, and taking his nine or ten dollars a week home to his family, is not doing that work because he loves it. He would like to run away from it; he would love to go fishing, idle a month, do a thousand things. But he faces the music, because of the wife and children at home, to pay his debts, to earn the bread he eats, to be a self-respecting man. On the railroads, in the mines, in the big woods, wherever men toil, they risk their lives, spend their strength, face drudgery, and most of them face the music with a song.

Progress

ARISTOTLE, who defended slavery as a necessity, said that if every instrument would work by itself, if the shuttle would weave alone, the manufacturer would dispense with workmen and the master with slaves. Aristotle had a real thought, and the time which he conceived of as imaginary promises in effect to arrive. The advance in machinery means not only so great an increase in production that everybody ought to enjoy ordinary comfort and education; it means also that the rough, heavy work of the world will practically all be done by instruments. The scientific foundation has been laid. Nothing is required now except social and political intelligence to bring about a time when there will be no large class of men engaged in the kind of labor that requires no skill.

Age Then and Now

THERE were no spectacles, no ear-trumpets, no dentists, and no occupations that did not require bodily agility, none of the simple medical devices by which we check some of the internal results of sedentary life. After youth, it was no snap to live in the "good old days."

Mr. Rockefeller's Dilemma

By LOUIS WALLIS

MR. ROCKERFELLER'S dilemma is bound to grow more serious every year, so long as the tension between rich and poor increases at its present rate. We trust that the Standard Oil magnate is renewing his youth. He plays golf, takes auto rides, eats imported cheese, and does many other things that are sure to lengthen life. We hope that he will live to be one hundred. This will give him over a quarter of a century yet. And think where the trusts, and corporations, and rich and poor will be by that time! It is quite possible that when Mr. Rockefeller is one hundred he will be tolerably "set" in his ways; and by that time he will probably have made a permanent choice of one or the other horn of his great dilemma.

Everybody is supposed to know that Mr. Rockefeller's personal representative on the Board of Trustees of the University of Chicago has left the Board permanently, and that Mr. Rockefeller's personal connection with the University has thus been severed. Also, that he has, of late years, given to various other philanthropies amounts large enough to create several universities equal in size to the Chicago institution. A number of years ago, one of the newspapers published a cartoon showing President Harper sitting astride a college building marked "U. of C.," and looking in alarm toward another college building marked "Yale," while Mr. Rockerfeller was in the act of giving a million dollars to the rival institution. The cartoon had more significance than many people realized. President Harper was widely quoted as declaring that a successful university should have an annual deficit. Dr. Harper was a very great man—one of the greatest educators in human history. His virtues will be remembered long after his follies have been forgotten. He was a man of whom any nation could be proud; and nothing can detract from the brightness of his fame. But all great men have their weaknesses; and one of Dr. Harper's weaknesses was his remark about successful universities and yearly deficits. It irritated Mr. Rockefeller; and nobody can blame him for being irritated. He is accustomed to administer enterprises on other principles. Dr. Harper would have wrecked the United States Treasury, if he could have got at it—not dishonestly, of course, but in the same naïve fashion in which a small boy innocently smashes a plate-glass window. Now, there is nothing that Mr. Rockefeller dislikes more than being "worked." It gets on his nerves. If he has the remotest suspicion that he is being made the object of some scheme—watch out! In this case, what Mr. Rockefeller said to President Harper can be summarized, abridged, and boiled down into the following sentence: "William, I simply won't stand for it!" And notice that it wasn't "can't," but "won't."

UNDOUBTEDLY, Dr. Harper was exactly the man to be the first presidential administrator of the great University of Chicago. He was like an engineer who climbs into the cab of his locomotive, pulls the throttle wide open, and says, "Clear the road, boys; and we'll travel under a full head of steam!" Such a policy makes a record, and attracts attention—which was precisely what Harper wanted. He was a first-rate advertiser; and he got things coming his way. But the full-head-of-steam policy ate up money as fast as an express locomotive eats up coal. Harper's death, coming when it did, was the best thing for his fame. He was only fifty-one; and his constitution was wrecked by the strenuous life. Everybody who came within the range of his influence felt the tension; and it's no wonder that Mr. Rockefeller called a halt. Nobody likes to be tied to an express train. Dr. Harper was succeeded in the presidency by an administrator of a different stamp, who knows how to plan a budget and live up to it with the consistency of the head of a great business enterprise.

Mr. Rockefeller says, and believes, that he dissolved partnership with the University of Chicago because he had succeeded in putting it on a business basis, where it would run itself, on its own stated resources, without a yearly deficit. If he were pressed further, he might possibly admit that he wanted to show that no university managed on wide-open principles could look to him for support. But even the grilling of the Day of Judgment would fail to draw from him anything more than a personal explanation of some kind—because the founder of the University of Chicago thinks in personal terms and avoids abstractions, as far as possible. Nevertheless, it is not difficult to point to certain facts which carry the suggestion that the University of Chicago is a powerful impersonal influence upon the course of Rockefeller philanthropy.

EVERYBODY knows that the big institution on the Midway has the reputation of being one of the most all-round radical centers of learning in existence. Radicalism, a few centuries ago, touched the world only at one point—in its conceptions of the physical universe. People thought the sun rose in the east, set in the west, and sailed round the earth every day. Then the astronomers came along and turned this idea topsy-turvy. But radicalism today touches life at three points—in the domains of biology, of theology, and of sociology. And at all of these points, the University of Chicago is in the vanguard. Evolution is presupposed in the departments of biology. Miracles, in the older sense of the word, have been eliminated from the departments of theology, where higher criticism reigns with undisputed sway, one of the professors having recently said that the older conceptions of the authority and infallibility of the Bible are "hopelessly shattered." In sociology, the head of the department—who was a close friend of Dr. Harper, and who has been with the University from its early years—has just come out with a startling new book, which is the most radical arraignment of the present social order since the days of Karl Marx and Henry George, containing chapters on "The Superstition of Property" and "The Illusion of Capitalism."

FOR our present purposes, it makes no difference whether other schools have professors who are as radical as those of Chicago or not. That consideration counts for nothing, either with the general public or with Mr. Rockefeller. But the fact that cannot fail to count is, that Mr. Rockefeller turns out to have set up an institution which teaches things contrary to what he himself believes. For he has "ideas" on sociology and theology. According to his opinion, property and capitalism are just exactly as sacred, in their way, as his mother's Bible.

Not being a college man, Mr. Rockefeller knew little about colleges and universities when he began to found the University of Chicago. (We say "began," because the founding process took time.) He pictured to himself a great institution where people could learn mathematics, and Latin, and Greek, and physiology, and history, and law, and medicine, and all sorts of *conventional* knowledge; and also where young men could come and study the Bible, and learn to be ministers and missionaries. He was especially particular about religion. He had heard youthful Professor Harper talk about the Bible; and he thought the aspiring pedagogue looked pretty good. In those days, Harper discoursed on the "J, E, D, and P documents" with varying emphasis, according to his audience. But he was always strong on the Prophets and the New Testament; and he had enough to do in teaching Hebrew by mail and fighting Professor W. H. Green of Princeton, without raising uncomfortable issues about "miracles." While as for the great principle that a successful university should have a deficit every year—it's a fact that Professor Harper never mentioned it to anybody in those days. So we see that when Mr. Rockefeller began to found the University

of Chicago, he didn't know much about universities, nor much about Harper.

To a big business man, it may look like a small matter to start a school. A man who has organized a giant corporation may think it isn't much of a job to put up a few buildings and pay the salaries of a bunch of professors. While there isn't much use in prophesying after the event, nor in trying to figure out what "might" have happened if something else hadn't happened, it's a fair guess that if Mr. Rockefeller had known a little more about the inside of the great process of education—not a great deal more, but just a little—he would never have been the founder of the University of Chicago, but would have confined his philanthropies to more conventional enterprises. Because after he had committed himself, and put his hand to the plow, he became aware that he had brought into existence an institution which wouldn't stand still and be conventional. But after he had *begun*, he couldn't let go very well without doing something fairly handsome. In the struggle between the founder and the first president, Mr. Rockefeller won out on the question of organization; but Harper won a spiritual victory by impressing upon the institution a radical, democratic tendency which it will always retain.

THE outlines of Mr. Rockefeller's dilemma now begin to loom up more clearly. He isn't fully conscious of the dilemma. Few great philanthropists of the present day *are* conscious of it. But he is instinctively aware of it. All wealthy men who go into philanthropy are more and more subject to the tug and pull of two huge forces, one of which tends to perpetuate the existing order of society, while the other tends to modify the present social system in the interests of the future. If the wealthy man puts his benefactions in "safe and sane" enterprises, which are calculated not to revolutionize the *status quo*, he is applauded by his friends and criticized by his enemies. But if he puts his money where it fertilizes the unconventional, then his enemies become friendly, while his wealthy acquaintances raise their eyebrows and begin to cool off. He is between the horns of this dilemma; and he cannot help making a choice. Take the "Sage Foundation," for example. It paid the expenses of the now famous "Pittsburgh Survey," which resulted in sensational disclosures about the housing problem in the Smoky City. Workers in the big, steel metropolis have to live in wretched slums, because land is held out of use on speculation at such high figures that the laboring people cannot afford to pay rent enough to get a healthy amount of light and air. The "Survey" has opened the eyes of Pittsburgh; and now the city administration, the civic commission, and the real estate board have put through the state legislature a law permitting the taxation of land values at a rate double the rate on buildings—with the object of making hard the way of the land speculator. The wisdom of this measure doesn't concern us here in the least. What we are emphasizing is, that the "Sage Foundation" is a force that has led up to a radical proposal to modify the existing social order.

A STILL more striking illustration of our point is furnished by Joseph Fels, the Jewish millionaire who helped to finance the British Liberal Party in its fight for the Budget which imposed heavier taxes on land values, and which was indirectly the means of depriving the House of Lords of its immemorial veto power over legislation. This is Fels' conception of philanthropy—the modification of the social mechanism itself. All of which goes to prove that a man cannot go into philanthropy without doing something either to confirm or to change the *status quo*.

Mr. Rockefeller got his start at a time when America did its thinking in terms of "individualism," and when the "self-made" man could worship his maker in some comfort. But we have lighted on other days; and instead of agreeing, as we used to, that a man "makes" his fortune, we say that wealth is "a social product," in the making of which the wealthy man is a kind of superintendent, acting under the forms of individual, private property, but not really "producing" all of the goods to which the laws of private property entitle him. All of our new talk about "graft," and "exploitation of labor," and the like, is merely a loose, popular, inexact way of trying to adjust our mental vision to a new insight into the process of wealth-production. If everybody (millionaires and laborers included) will keep cool while the subject is under discussion, there will be no danger of another French Revolution.

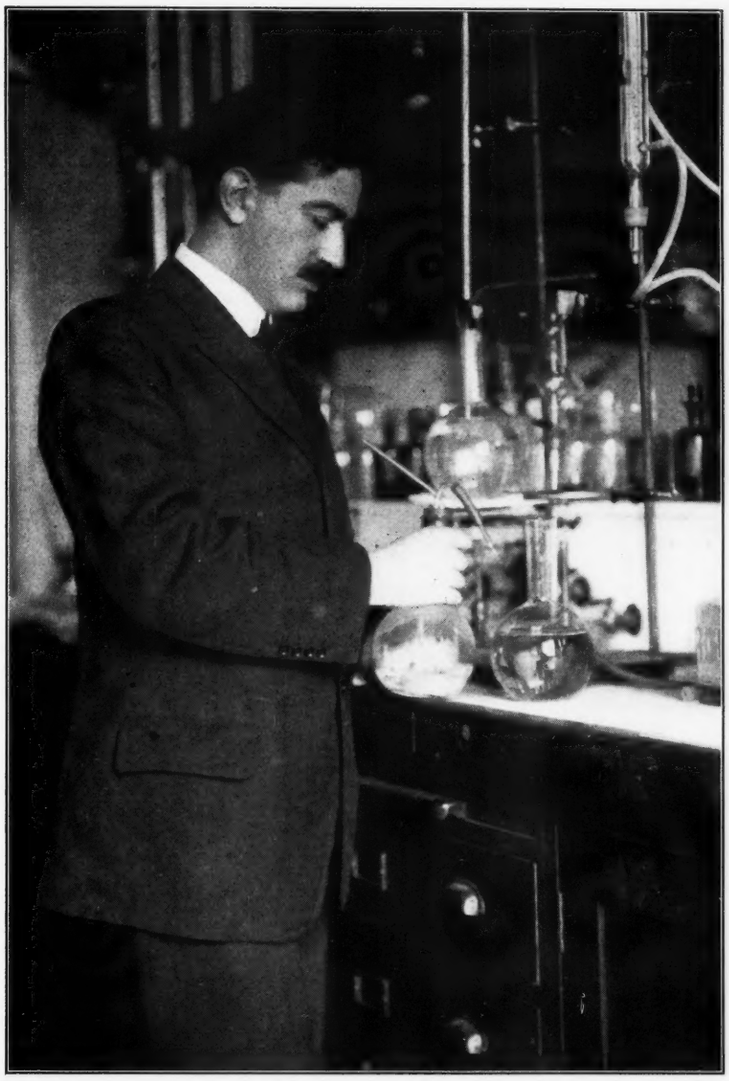
IN the meanwhile, we should take note that the Standard Oil magnate is founding no new philanthropies that lead away from his inherited individualistic views of the world. Since he began to draw in the reins on the University of Chicago, his aid goes into purely conventional undertakings, designed to help the world by helping individuals, but not by modifying the social system. Rockefeller money goes into the endowment of hookworm research in the South, and medical research in the North; it helps mission schools in China, and fallen women in America; it goes judiciously through the pipelines of "The General Education Board" to the help of safe and sane colleges; and last, but not least, it goes into the recently established "Rockefeller Foundation for the Improvement of Mankind," administered by a board having the Rockefeller point of view. All these things do good, of course. Nobody disputes that. Moreover, we all ought to admit that Mr. Rockefeller has only the noblest and most disinterested aims. He isn't trying to buy us up. Nevertheless, all of his philanthropies are only one horn of the rich man's dilemma! The more Mr. Rockefeller gives, the more he raises the insistent question how one man can have so *much* to give. The situation has been very neatly struck off by one of the most popular clergymen that have preached in the University of Chicago, Bishop Charles D. Williams, of Michigan.

"Twenty years ago," says the Bishop, "when a man made us a present of a university, we said, 'Thank you! How kind you are!' But today, when a man makes us a present of a university, we say, 'Thank you! Where did you get it?'"

THUS we return to the point where we began—the rich man's knowledge of the process by which wealth is created. Mr. Rockefeller, up to date, has acted on the view that his fortune is a personal creation; that the disposition of it is a purely private matter; and that his money should go into projects of individual relief and improvement. His official advisers tell him to hold fast to the regular forms of philanthropy; so that his hands and his heart are full in helping humanity forward along universally accepted lines of progress; and he is deftly steered away from all projects that look unconventional. We write, not to quarrel with the underlying logic of Mr. Rockefeller's benefactions, but to emphasize that no philanthropist, however good his intentions, can escape the problem here pointed out. We cherish no dark design to put an economic treatise over on the unsuspecting reader; so we close by throwing on the screen a picture of two millionaires tightly perched on the opposite horns of the rich man's dilemma. Both have their critics and enemies. We don't ask which is right, or which is wrong. Comparisons are odious. We merely call attention to these men as interesting factors in a contrast which marks the present age.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

By Wallace Morgan



"The man of science and not the business man is showing the nation how to economize"

Waste in Food Shipping

By

HONORÉ WILLSIE

WE always, as individuals, have had a fairly good idea of how to economize on food. By buying a little more here and a little less there, by "raising things," ourselves, we always have managed to keep our personal food costs pretty well under control. And, diet cranks to the contrary, we have instinctively chosen a well-balanced ration.

The fact that has fretted and confused us of late has been that all our old economies have gone for little or nothing. Try as we will, one after another, all our cherished methods of retrenchment, handed down from our greatest great grandparents, we have not been able to head off the steady rise of our food expense.

Most of us continue to make our economies individual. Therein lies the root of our failure. The time has come when we must think of our food, kinds and costs both, in terms that are nation-wide. In protesting on the price of broilers, we must think not of the individual chicken we bought yesterday, but of American Dressed Poultry and its whole relation, as a food industry, to the new century. Then only shall we begin to lay our fingers on the weak spots in poultry prices.

It is quite as difficult to get away from the personal outlook on food as it is on any other vital matter. You cannot make me transfer my anger from my butcher and his extortions on my own private purse, to the nation-wide ignorance of shipper and consumer until you have made me understand that the wider application of my wrath will ultimately ease my flattened pocket-book.

Yet this is the difficult task to which the Department of Agriculture has addressed itself. National wastes—where are they?—what do they do to you and to me?—how shall they be stopped? It is a matter of vital import to the cost of living, the Department believes, to discover where are our great national wastes and how to stop them. And in order that real help may come from the government's investigations, it is necessary that the consumer shall understand the national scope of the work, shall get the new idea of national food waste as a personal loss.

CANNING alone cannot equalize seasonal over- and under-production! As our populace grows more and more crowded, we tend more and more to regional specializing in food products. Certain sections of the country, especially adapted to raising certain kinds of crops, raise to the limit of their soil capacity and send their surplus to sections of non-production or shortage. This tendency leads more and more to the lengthening of the time between production and consumption, and has developed our complicated system of storage and shipping.

The shipping of perishable food thousands of miles to market has become an established fact of our living today. The Department of Agriculture wants to know if our methods of shipping some of our most important staples of food are the best to be had. The study of handling perishable food to prevent wastes is a new science. The department has had to invent its own methods, interpret its results without the aid of precedents. But it is making its way slowly and surely toward practical facts.

The price of eggs is almost prohibitively high. The Department says that a large part of this is due to poor methods of shipping. Over eleven million dozens of eggs shipped to New York City in a year arrived there broken and unfit for food. The losses are so great that railroads are complaining that egg-shipping is not a profitable business. And the consumer pays!

THE Bureau of Chemistry is carrying on experiments on how to ship an egg. No detail has been too small or apparently too trivial for their observation. The study has included not only how to chill the egg, but also the best type of carton to use, the best kind of wood and nails to use for cases, and the number and placing of nails for each case. To test the amount and kind of jarring that an egg receives in a freight car, the Bureau adapted a machine used to measure earthquake shocks and sent it across the country with a carload of eggs. It studied carefully the nice problem as to whether an egg should be packed standing on end or lying down, and if the latter, whether lengthwise or crosswise of the car. Infinitesimal details. Too small for the great mind. And yet, the demonstration car which the Department sent to the great producing centers this summer will save the egg industry thousands of dollars in waste.

There is other waste than breakage in shipping eggs. An enormous number of eggs spoil between the producer and the consumer. The shipper sends a great number of eggs that are not fit to stand the railroad handling. Often so many eggs spoil *en route* that the shipper gets back nothing on his shipment. The tendency has been for the trade to develop a method of getting spoiled eggs into use as food. This is a fundamentally wrong solution, a beginning at the wrong end of the trouble, and is demoralizing to the shipper, to the consumer and

to the new economic principle for which America must stand if it is to have food enough for its crowding population.

As little waste as possible, says the Department and that waste returned to productive uses. The Department's study of freezing and drying eggs shows that these methods will be more and more used for eggs intended for cooking purposes; and such methods are economically desirable so long as the centers of egg production and consumption are so far apart, and so long as the poor handling methods bring to the concentrators of the producing centers such an enormous number of eggs that are wholesome but not available for long hauls.

WE are going to use the chicken more and more as beef grows scarcer. The time may come when we will all raise chickens, even when hard pressed for room, allowing them to share our beds with us as do the Sicilians! But at present the great poultry producing districts of the United States center about the Mississippi Valley, where the fowl has range and feed. The Department wants to know if there is waste in poultry shipping, and it has been studying the situation. We all know the still too popular method of shipping dressed poultry—a barrel containing alternate layers of chickens and ice, with a gunny sack tied over the top and only the earnest wish of the shipper to keep the mess sweet. The soaking of the birds in the melted ice, the dirty heads and feet, and the gradual dissolving out of the soluble parts of the flesh, causes, in actual decay, a great loss in eating quality and in food value. The barrel thus packed was put into a freight car and "rushed" to its destination.

The Food Research Laboratory of the Bureau of Chemistry is carrying on extensive investigations as to the least wasteful and most sanitary methods of killing, packing and dressing poultry. The Laboratory is trying to coöperate with the shipper and educate the consumer—a large undertaking. Every householder ought to know the things that the Laboratory is saying. It says that chicken should be starved, except for plenty of water, for twenty-four hours before killing. This does away with the necessity of eviscerating which gives such great opportunity for pollution. When a chicken is killed it should be properly bled. At least thirty per cent. of all chickens coming to the New York market have been improperly bled. These chickens lose in flavor and keep ill. A careful study is being made in the Laboratory of the relative keeping qualities of well- and ill-bled fowls. This is being determined for every phase of their marketing—their condition after chilling in the packing house, at the end of the railroad haul, and when they have passed through the various channels of a great city to the consumer.

WHEN the bird is killed the portion of the brain tissue that controls the muscles holding the feathers in place must be destroyed so that dry picking is easy. After packing, chilling. When chickens are alive their temperature is 103° F. This must be reduced to 32° F. or less before the birds can be packed for the long, hard haul in the refrigerator car. But the range of temperature permitted is small. Below 30° F. the flesh is frosted.

The Laboratory says that good refrigeration is necessary from start to finish of the chicken's journey to the consumer. We are to become as dependent on our refrigerator cars for our food supply as England is upon her ships. The modern refrigerator car must become a chill room on wheels, says the Laboratory, if it is to serve the public satisfactorily and bring financial profit to the railroads. It ought to have good insulation. The same car with its unbroken load must not vary in temperature over five degrees, stoves must be used in one part of such a journey and ice in others. A great many experimental shipments of poultry have been made by the Laboratory to learn the best available way of conducting the handling. It has devised a refrigerator car which meets the requirements found in its investigation and it has found first-class packers glad to profit by the suggestions it makes.

The specialists of the Department have found another type of waste that is very large. In several particulars, they say, the systems used by shippers in the United States are far less economical than those employed by foreign shippers, notably those in Germany. As a result, the specialists find that certain kinds of food are started on long journeys in such condition that heavy freight charges must be paid on elements that have to be taken out of the food at the end of the trip, before it can be used as food.

ONE of the heaviest waste freight-items is that paid for transporting excessive moisture in corn and in potatoes to be used for stock food or in the manufacture of starch. In Germany, the culls and faulty potatoes, which in this country are thrown away, are dried so as to remove all excess water and then shipped to various points for stock-feed purposes. This practice of drying potatoes for stock-feed and uses in the arts is little known in America. As a result, here the culls are thrown away and starch is made from potatoes when excess crops make a cheap price encouraging shipment to the factories.

Potatoes in their natural state contain upwards of 70 per cent. of water which has no nutritive value. Long shipments of potatoes, therefore, in their natural state are not practicable, whereas the Germans who dry out the excessive water find it practicable to ship the dried product.

THE waste water now being shipped in corn in the United States has, according to the Department specialists, a serious bearing on the cost of corn and also is one cause for the shortage of cars at the corn-shipping seasons. The specialists find, for example, that the American people are paying freight on 436,682 tons of water each year in shipping their corn from the producing sections to the market. This means that at a time when there is annually a great shortage of cars, there is the equivalent of nearly 15,000 freight cars loaded with water. This water is responsible for the deterioration of shelled corn before it is finally consumed.

The specialists have figured this loss in several ways. Every year, they say, a train over 110 miles long, not counting locomotives, is engaged in nothing more profitable than in hauling water from a few miles up to a thousand miles, from the corn producing states to the seaboard or the mountain districts. Exactly how much excess freight cost this represents cannot be accurately determined but it can be seen that as the freight rate on corn is about one cent per mile this hauling of useless water in corn adds materially to the cost of product before it reaches the consumer. The excess of water shipped amounts to the equivalent in weight for about 16 million bushels of corn.

THE waste in shipping moist corn is not alone in freight charges on water, which add to the net cost of the corn after it is delivered, but the producer who ships corn over the moisture limit has the grade of his corn lowered and with this the price for his produce.

Still another cost is added when many corn dealers, on receipt of the corn, have to dry out the excessive water although many store the moist corn and do not dry it out until it begins to show signs of deterioration.

Many of the big elevators in the central corn markets now have machinery for drying out excessive moisture. But very few of the smaller collecting elevators have these drying machines and the only method of drying corn used by most producers is that of storing it in cribs. Corn shipped in the summer months has a chance to dry out in the cribs but in the cold and wet months crib-drying is not effective and corn shipped at this time has a heavy moisture content.

This question of moisture content and the tremendous waste it brings about at every point, with the consumer paying the ultimate cost for all, has not, the specialists insist, received the attention its very great importance demands. The annual shortage of cars at the great shipping points in the corn-moving seasons alone should have made a change in methods long ago, they claim.

They want the farmers to pay more attention to the growing of earlier maturing varieties of corn. They want all corn dried to a minimum amount of moisture content. Corn would then bulk less and weigh more per volume so that more actual corn could be packed in each freight car of any given capacity. This they figure would make available each year, throughout the period when excessive moisture is shipped, nearly fifteen thousand additional freight cars for moving corn or other freight. This would lift another common cause of expense. The wet corn, when shipped, frequently spoils *en route* and leads to claims and expensive lawsuits between shipper and railroads arising from such losses. The consumer pays the claims in the ultimate price of the corn.

THE Department is investigating the moisture content of flour and meal. It is carrying on extensive experiments with the packing and shipping of fruits. As in the case of its work with poultry and with corn no detail escapes notice. It is uncovering expense items of which the consumer has never dreamed. The men who are doing a great part of the work of investigation are chemists, men who work habitually with minute details. It is an exceedingly interesting comment on modern life that it should be the man of science and not the business man who is showing the nation how to economize.

It is a new idea, that of asking a chemist to tell us why it is impossible for our pocket-books to keep up with the cost of living. It is a new idea to the chemist that his marvelous capacity for observation can be made to encompass the nation. And it is a new idea to all of us that much of our over-cost of living may come, not from under-production, but from over-waste, even in so common a thing as shipping food.

PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

The Land of the Free

Ten little Gothamites sitting over wine; one sat after one o'clock, then there were nine.

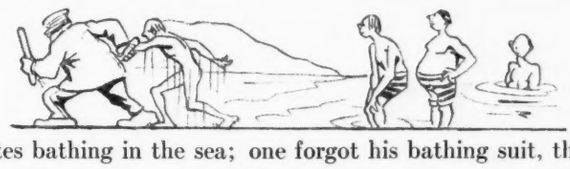
Nine little Gothamites at the Subway wait; one lighted a cigar, then there were eight.

Eight little Gothamites gazing up at heaven; one wouldn't "move on," then there were seven.

Seven little Gothamites playing rowdy tricks; one asked the cop his name, then there were six.

Six little Gothamites out for a drive; one broke a traffic rule, then there were five.

Five little Gothamites watched the baseball score; one made a little bet, then there were four.



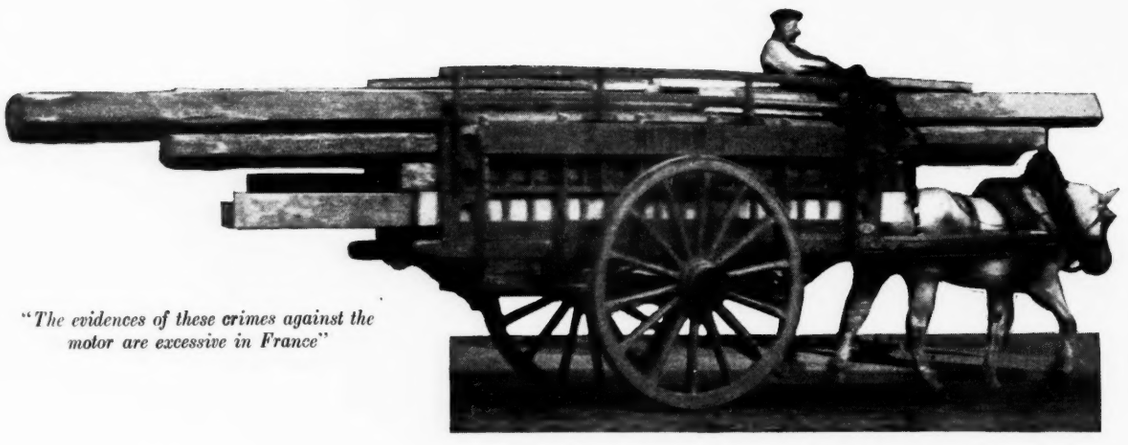
Four little Gothamites bathing in the sea; one forgot his bathing suit, then there were three.

Three little Gothamites don't know what to do; one slept upon a bench, then there were two.

Two little Gothamites strolling in the sun; one expectorated, then there was one.

One little Gothamite went to City Hall; told the Mayor what he thought, now there's none at all.

G. V.



"The evidences of these crimes against the motor are excessive in France"

The Crime Against the Motor

By AMOS STOTE

LABORING up the gentle slope of the Boulevard Raspail to where it crosses the Boulevard Montparnasse came a string of horses, five deep, straining at the burden of the cart they drew. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, an hour when the streets of Paris, away from the shopping districts, are more idle than at any other time of day. It was fortunate that such was the case, for, as the caravan attempted to negotiate an *S*-shaped turning, a front wheel of the wagon slipped into the depression some cobble stones had left when removed for the repairing of a street car track. Perhaps the driver should be blamed for the accident, but as he was walking on the other side of the wagon the hole was not visible to him; and, even had he seen it, could hardly have been in time to change the course of the lead horse, which plodded along nearly fifty feet in advance of the driver's position.

ONLY five minutes were required to swing the horses to an angle and release the load. But during that time the four lines of street-car tracks traversing the two boulevards were blocked at the point of their intersection, omnibuses covering the same routes were stalled, and other vehicles of all descriptions gathered to make the congestion as complete and voluble as could be reasonably expected from the united efforts of fifty excited Frenchmen. When the seventy-five feet of horse flesh, harness and wagon got on its way again the remaining tangle of traffic spent another minute or two unloosing its own snarl.

The load on that wagon had left a stone-cutter's yard, outside the walls of Paris, beyond Montmartre, between ten and eleven o'clock that morning. The driver, with his six horses and wagon, had waited for nearly two hours because three other loads had to be first gotten under way, and four such outfits in a stone-yard are capable of considerable delay without any outside help. When at last the start was made the route had to be lengthened somewhat, to avoid the extremely congested districts, yet even with the best calculations five important street intersections had to be crossed, and each time the traffic held up.

At nine o'clock that night the weary driver and six tired horses had finished their day's work—consisting of the delivery of one stone six feet long and not quite so high or wide—and had returned to the stables.

To contrast such an effort with that of a motor-truck is more unfair than to compare the efficiency of an old sailing vessel with that of the modern liner. The loaded stone wagon can make little more than two miles an hour, and to carry a stone six feet long will occupy seventy-five feet of roadway. The driver always walks beside his cart, so it is as impossible for him to command a view of both sides of the street as it is to watch properly the crossings.

WITH motor-trucks in the stone-yard, instead of twenty-four horses and four wagons to be manipulated before the loading derrick of mornings, there would be four motor-trucks, occupying no more space than one of the horse-drawn vehicles, so that each could stand beside its load without delay. As to delivery comparisons, while trying to let the horse save its face, it must be confessed that one motor would have time to loaf along the way, and still do more work than two wagons and twelve horses.

The congestion of traffic these and other horse-drawn vehicles are constantly creating in all parts of Paris is practically beyond the understanding of one who has not seen it. Paris is very active these days, and it is not unusual to see several of the long-drawn-out conveyances, on the way to a new building, trailing one another through some busy street, paralyzing traffic for blocks at a time. And I have yet to see a motor-truck employed in any branch of the building trades. There seem as many varieties of vehicles used in delivering building wares as there are materials used in construction.

ELECTRICAL houses contracting to do the installation work in a new apartment building may deliver all the tools and equipment, from wire to chandeliers, in assorted sizes of pushcarts. Equally up-to-date methods are followed by painters, paper-hangers, glass companies—even the wood for interior trim may come by pushcart.

A climax in strictly hand-made deliveries is reached when the building is completed and tenants begin to move in. The victim who is about to transplant his hearth-stone goes about among the dear, old, friendly furniture after the manner of one who bids good-bye. It was my questionable pleasure to witness one act of the removal of an American family from one French flat to another. The accumulation of seven years had to be uprooted. According to an unvarying, international custom the people who had agreed to undertake the work were a half day late in making their initial appearance. The first thirty minutes after their officially tardy arrival I spent in the flat. Curiosity then compelled me to force an exit and see what was happening in the street. The entry-hall and sidewalk were festooned with all manner of household wares.

Drawn up at the curb were three sturdy pushcarts, resting on two wheels and a wooden prop. The French are experts at balancing a load on one of these vehicles. And they need to be, for if the cart is moved in any direction the prop will drop, giving the load whatever impetus it may receive from the rapid swing of a quarter arc. I stayed in the street long enough to see a piano, hoisted by four men, actually placed on a cart which was being steadied by two others. It was a novel scene, but one inclined to leave an unfavorable impression of French methods of locomotion.

THE evidences of these crimes against the motor, found all over Europe and in England, are excessive in France. Both the English and the French continue to do homage to that old juggernaut of bygone road traffic, the traction-engine. It continues to be heard and felt and seen; as it roars at fifty miles an hour while making a pace of five, as it shakes the pavements and rattles the windows whenever its huge bulk looms into view. In England the traction-engine introduced the nearest approach to the long haul, which the motor-truck has since developed, that has been possible since the establishment of railways. The fact that they have proven the economy in both time and money in road transportation proves nothing so emphatically as it does the efficiency of the motor-truck. The traction-engine is as far behind the motor-truck as it is ahead of the horse. Their system of locomotion is slow, expensive, requires an excess of dead weight and space, and the services of two men to operate; yet it wins over the horse in this service, even while abdicating to the modern power van.

While England and Germany are remarkable for their backwardness in merchandise delivery, they are both ahead of France. England offers us a wonderful market for the lighter type of

automobile wagons that may be sold at a moderate price, something that will duplicate in the commercial car the low priced American-made pleasure machines that have found in the Britisher so ready a buyer. The largest stores have already adopted the motor-wagon to a considerable extent, but they are so far in the minority that, instead of the cream of the business being gone, it has only been dipped into enough to bring up examples of the value of motor methods.

Germany is without doubt the most advanced of the European countries in the use of the power vehicle for business. Moreover, the conditions bringing this about are also the best evidences of the healthy future of the trade. The German is quick to see and eager to accept any proposition that promises to give practical aid to his business. He has money to spend, is not hampered by precedent as are those of so many other countries, and has already adopted many of our innovations. An equally important influence is that the German government is ready to share the expense of private corporations in the purchase of automobile delivery wagons, for the use of the latter in times of peace—and for the service of the Fatherland in times of war.

But to return to the French situation. The American who is impressed with the costliness and antiquated methods of delivery in Germany and in England, is aghast at the mediaeval efforts of France. In this country, where the expeditious travel of the individual is provided for in so extraordinary a manner by the taxicab, which may be hired at an initial cost of fifteen cents, the lack of proper facilities for merchandise delivery is almost inconceivable.

THE great public service corporations of Paris, alone, were there no other selling opportunities in the whole of France, offer a fruitful field well worth an American invasion. To see the millionaire organization controlling the gas interests of the French capital represented on the pavements by four or five men harnessed to a two-wheeled cart, struggling along at a couple of miles an hour! The contrast of its own modern appliances, associated with transportation methods of a hundred years ago, puts a powerful argument into the hands of the motor-truck salesman.

Similar conditions exist in the organizations of the water and electrical corporations. They apparently make a wild endeavor to carry on their commerce by man power, just as far as possible; but when the load becomes too great for the toiling efforts of a half dozen men they appeal to the horse. London is planning a clearing house for the delivery of goods so that there may be no empty vehicles on the return trip. Paris must first secure some adequate means of merchandise delivery before it can consider plans for its concentration. The over-burdened

"The loaded stone wagon can make little more than two miles an hour"

man and the heavily-laden horse require the relief that comes from having nothing but the empty vehicle to propel on the homeward journey.

As to the street railways, they seem to realize their limitations. Instead of using men for the hauling of their repair wagons, these ambulating towers employed in overhead-wire emergencies engage the services of a horse. The Normandy draught horse is a wonder when it comes to walking off with a load, but that is all there is to it; it is as difficult to urge these massive animals to anything faster than a two-mile gait as it would be to persuade a rooster to lay eggs.

THE French government, in some branches of its service, is inclined to set a worthy example to the business men of the country. As a matter of fact it has been rather keen to adopt many of our most modern, labor-saving devices. You will find a number of American houses in France which have long accounts with the State. In the matter of motor deliveries, the postal service offers a fine example with their big, speedy auto-vans. The city of Paris, however, gives a picturesque contrast to these modern methods in the army of men it employs, in the work of the municipality, to trundle pushcarts of all descriptions. You will frequently see four or five workmen sweating up a slight grade, pulling and pushing at a double-decked cart, loaded with potted flowers in bloom, on the way to some public garden. It is hardly likely the officials attempt to keep any record of the amount of work these men accomplish under such conditions. To wheel, *by hand*, many dozen plants set in heavy, damp earth, and to keep this up for several miles, requires time—but it would look like a pitifully small performance to set down on record to the score of five strong men.

HOWEVER cheap labor may be it can never be less than excessive when such transportation is used where the motor-truck is available. In a sense, where labor is cheap time is of equally small value; but the fact remains that while cheap labor may produce cheap time—and it certainly will in at least one sense—expedition in the matter of delivery may yet hold good value from the viewpoint of offering prompt service. It is the habit of cities to look with a lenient eye on incompetence—but a business house has to keep an eye open toward economy.

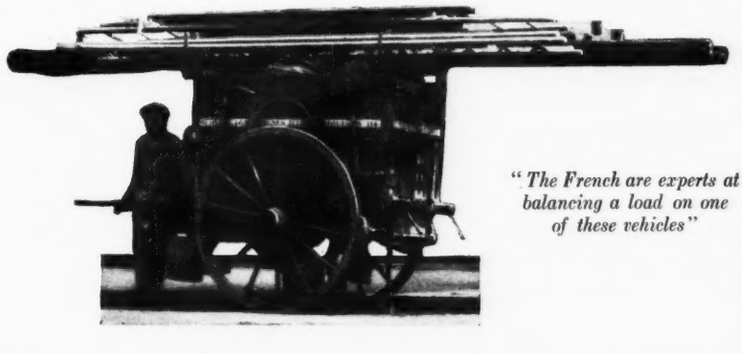
France is waiting for us to come over with the motor-wagon to put a new phase on competition—the competition of service.

At the present time the pushcart practice is almost a passion with the Frenchman. You will see a line of these vehiclettes in front of a big bakeshop, frequently eight or ten at one time. Each requires human power, of one sex or the other—and yet the tasks of them all could be placed on the strong shoulders of one small motor-wagon, and still leave time to take on the increasing territory of a growing trade.

The cousin to the pushcart, once removed, is seen in the cycle-cart. Grocery stores of dimensions and grandeur as may hardly be equalled in our capital cities; grocery stores with palm-decorated tea rooms, where the lady of fashion may be refreshed while giving her orders; stores with luxuries from all parts of the world, even green corn on the cob and watermelon; stores with perfect telephone-order service and every modern internal equipment—wealthy corporations with branches in various parts of the city—these will have their curb lined with a whole battery of cycle-carts and pushcarts. It is a strange sight to view the vehicles of commerce standing beside the luxurious pleasure car of the wealthy patron who chooses to do her own marketing.

IN the lines of heavier trade-delivery operations are just as backward. Coal, ice, wood, they all travel by push-cart or two-wheeled affairs engaging the services of from one to three horses. Though many of the streets of Paris, and in fact of all French cities, are so narrow and so winding that it is necessary to drive any number of horses tandem, the motor-truck seldom puts in an appearance, notwithstanding the fact that they could do so much to relieve these endless chains of traffic.

The lack of the commercial automobile in France is so marked, the observer immediately wonders just what the insurmountable reasons must be for this neglect of opportunity. The always ready suggestion of lack of money may, in this case, be just as readily laid aside, for France is too notoriously rich to need to hesitate over anything it desires or deems practical. The business men are good buyers of all other kinds of modern conveniences, so we may not lay this to either indifference or thickheadedness.



"The French are experts at balancing a load on one of these vehicles"

Of course some one is going to say things about the French tariff placing a barrier in the way of our entrance. But no one who has looked into the matter, and really made a study of it, will pay any attention to that perfectly invisible ghost. That our passenger automobiles are doing an increasing business in France, the very country that once held this market anchored fore and aft, is enough to show that American-made machines are not without favor in the eyes of Frenchmen. It also indicates that tariff rates, rather than making their price prohibitive, even on a sharp competitive market, are permitting our manufacturers to take over the business on a strictly price-quality standard.

TO lay any further doubt on this question, for it must be confessed that the French government has great variety and division in its classification of imports, an examination of these schedules will show that rates are all in favor of the merchandise automobile. Where chassis, motor and body are shipped complete, or where the chassis is shipped separately, the greater the weight the less the duty. On automobile bodies, the tariff on cars for transporting merchandise is less than one-sixth of that for the carrying of passengers.

That their own manufacturers are not in a position to meet the golden opportunity stands without contradiction. France seems to have overlooked the commercial car. When the whole question is sifted to the bottom, the fault lies right here in the industrial states of America. We, who wear the commercial-car market as a decoration, gained through the excellence of our products, have a blot on the 'scutcheon—it's France.

When the American manufacturer opens up the French market for this commodity he will certainly strip the country of some of the scenes that are most picturesque to the visitor. But this phase of French picturesqueness is just about as suited to the rest of the landscape as would be, with us, a vision of Wall Street brokers going gaily to their offices in sedan chairs—or a western farmer cutting his thousand-acre wheat field with a scythe.

And besides that—we need the business.

Out O' Doors

By WILLARD A. WATTLES

FAR have I wandered from the wide and sunny prairie-land;
Far on the mountain-side, down to the sea;
With the ringing road beneath me and a lariat in hand
I have trailed the white Sierras into Laramie;
From where Seattle sets her foot upon the silver ocean sand,
California to the Lakes and down to Tennessee,
From New Hampshire's hooded hills to the shining Rio Grande,
But everywhere I wandered was my own country.

Everywhere I wandered there was song and jest and story;
There was love in lordly midnights when the day was done;
Then the stars went reeling drunken, till the east awoke in glory
And I leaped to meet the welcome of the great red sun.
There is time to creep to shelter when the thatch of life is hoary
And the walls begin to tremble, then good-bye to fun.
But it's up with the sails, boy, and right about the dory,
Out to the broad sea the rivers run.

Out to the broad sea! Who could stay the hurrying
White-footed freshet from the April moon?
Down the empty shingle-bar the little waves are scurrying
And the sea-weed settles on the naked dune.
Oh, there's thunder in the surges where the giddy keel is furrowing,
Where whirling waters are with foam-flecks strewn;
There is time to hunt the harbor when the winter winds are worrying
And you sniff the message of the white typhoon.

There is time to hunt the harbor and to anchor where the ripples lie
Soft on the bosom of the warm sea sand.
Snug in a cove while the great clean winds go roaring by
Snug in a cove in a quiet land.
But it's just the joy of swinging feet, sweet air, and seeing eye,
Sleeping at night by the white stars spanned,
So it's out to the broad sea, high hills, and open sky,
With the clean wind, the strong wind, hand in hand.

The Autopilgrim's Progress

Part Two—The Bridal Tour

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

III

The Bridegroom Continueth to Seek and Maketh Strange Findings

CHANGING a tire
Is a task we admire
When surroundings are calm and there's someone else doing it.
But to tackle the job
When one's soul is athrob
With grief is so painful there's no use pursuing it.
Yet Percy the Bridegroom attempted the task
With all the fine courage a martyr could ask,
Fitting the inner tube, starting to pumping
In rhythmical time to his heart's troubled jumping.
"Angels above,
Where is my Love?"
"Squeak-squeak!" the air-pump responded in brief.

"GODS!" Percy muttered—
And just then there fluttered
A message of hope which gave instant relief;
For Katurah, it seems, had attached to the seat
This short, scribbled message which fell at Brown's feet:
"Dear—Don't be worried. I got quite a chill
And went in a car with a nice Mr. Hill
To Johnson's Hotel, which is near here, they say.
I'm awfully frightened. So hurry up.
K."
Brown set his teeth down and cursed with a will
The virulent nerve of that "nice Mr. Hill."
And where in the Dickens was Johnson's Hotel?
He looked for the Road Guide and found, as he thought,
The volume was lost. Maddened, Percival fell
To cranking the engine, as though *it* had wrought
This doublesome,
Troublesome,
Automobubblesome
Sort of a bad-fairy-godmother spell.
He flew to the wheel. With demoniac yawn
The strenuous car, like some dragon's fierce spawn,
Shot through the grayness that heralded dawn,
Swallowing leagues at a gulp as it tore,
Spitting explosions and growling for more.

MAD, baffled Bridegroom! Why speed, can you tell,
If you don't know the road to this Johnson's Hotel?
This thought, 'twas a mercy,
Came sudden to Percy
Who dwindled his speed as he lessened his ire.
"I'll waken some farmer," he thought, "and enquire."
He throttled the song of the valves to *piano*—
Then he cocked up his ear,
For he plainly could hear
A feminine cry in appealing soprano,
Musical plaint of some ladylike witch,
It rose from the shrubbery hard by a ditch.
"Oh me!
It is she!"
Percy called loud and clear,
"Are you there, honey dear?"
From the shrubbery near
Came the coldly distinctive reply, "Yes, I'm here!"
And out of the dawn glode a vision of danger—
It wasn't his bride, but a beautiful stranger!

HER hair it was yellow,
Her lips rather nice;
A girl any fellow
Would look at, say, twice.
She was clad in diaphanous motor attire;
And—fact which lit Percival's chivalrous fire—
She'd plainly been weeping
While others were sleeping;
And, e'en as she paused, as though aid to require,
She blubbered, "Boo-hoo!
O take me, please do!"
"Certainly, Miss! But where to, can you tell?"
Answered the Vision
With some indecision,
"Take me to—take me to Johnson's Hotel!"
Hope rose amain
In Percival's brain.
"Johnson's Hotel! Do you know where it is?"
"No. I am lost.
Never been to the place."
Perce threw on speed with a desperate whizz
And started again at a desperate pace.

SHE sat in the seat which belonged to his bride—
Was ever a wandering hero more tried?
Distracted and lone,
In search of his Own,
He was acting Sir Knight to a lovely Unknown.
And the deed of its valorous aspect was robbed,
For the faster he drove her the harder she sobbed.
The lovely Unknown lapsed to silence at last
As desolate moors in the dawn-light they passed,
And Percival noted with air rather cheap
Her golden head nod. She was falling asleep.
And a fact quite satanic
Alarmed him to panic
As one who sits close to the Furies that smoulder;
For the deeper she slept
The closer she crept
Till her head dropped at last in the notch of his shoulder.

"O MERCY!"
Cried Percy,
"I can't bear to wake her,
Plague take her!
But this would be nice if——"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

American "Patriot" (with investments in M[illegible]co): "If y[illegible]

By O[illegible] CESARE

ents in Mexico): "If you don't, Mr. President, they will"

By O. CESARE

The Solution of the Trust Problem

A Program

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

THE trust problem was, perhaps, the leading issue in the Presidential campaign. The recent letter of President Wilson to Congressman Clayton indicates that the solution of this problem will be made the principal task of the coming session of Congress. Much valuable preliminary work has already been done. The main facts concerning the Money Trust have been collected by the Pujo Committee; and the report proposes certain remedies. The facts concerning industrial monopolies have been developed in a series of investigations, the list of which is so long that it reminds one of Homer's "Catalogue of Ships." The Industrial Commission made its report on Trusts and Industrial Combinations in 1901. It has been followed by separate reports of the Commissioner of Corporations on the Beef Trust, the Oil Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the Steel Trust, the Harvester Trust, and the Lumber Trust. The Commissioner of Labor has reported on conditions of employees in the steel mills. Different committees of Congress have investigated the Steel Trust, the Sugar Trust, and the Shipping Trust. There was some discussion of the Shoe Machinery Trust before the Judiciary Committee. And the Patent Committee considered, to some extent, the relation of trusts to the patent law. The Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce conducted a prolonged inquiry into methods of dealing with trusts, the record of which fills 2782 pages. In the last Congress, trust bills were reported to the House by the Stanley Committee and by the Oldfield Committee; Congressman Lenroot also introduced an important bill. Senator Newlands and Senator Cummins introduced bills to establish an Interstate Trade Commission, and two bills dealing comprehensively with the subject of trusts were introduced by Senator La Follette. Several of these have been reintroduced in the present Congress and are now pending.

The Issue Drawn

THE decision in the Standard Oil case, May, 1911, led to an active discussion of the trust question throughout the country; and this discussion, which was continued until the end of the presidential campaign, served to clarify thought. The issue was distinctly drawn between two economic policies which differ fundamentally, namely: Are the admitted evils incident to trusts to be prevented by "regulating monopoly" or by "regulating competition?" Those who advocate "regulation of monopoly" insist that private monopoly may be desirable in some branches of industry, or is, at all events, inevitable; and that existing trusts should not be dismembered nor forcibly dislodged from those branches of business in which they have already acquired a monopoly, but should be made "good" by regulation. The advocates of this view do not fear commercial power, however great, if only methods for regulation are provided. Those who advocate "regulation of competition" insist that competition can be and should be maintained in every branch of private industry; and that competition can be and should be restored in those branches of industry in which it has been suppressed by the trusts. They believe that no methods of regulation ever have been or can be devised to remove the menace inherent in private monopoly and overweening financial power; and that if, at any future time, monopoly should appear to be desirable in any branch of industry, the monopoly should be a public one—a monopoly owned by the people, and not by the capitalists. The difference between these two economic policies is fundamental and irreconcilable. It is the difference between industrial liberty and industrial absolutism.

Regulating Competition

DEMOCRATIC leaders and Senator La Follette alike advocate "regulation of competition." They believe that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act has in the past been little more than a declaration of our economic policy; but that the experience gained in the twenty-three years since the Act was passed has served some useful purpose. It has established the soundness of the economic policy which it embodied, and it has taught us some of the defects in the Statute which prevented, in large part, its effective operation. These leaders agreed that additional and comprehensive legislation is necessary to make the Sherman law a controlling force—to preserve competition where it now exists, and to restore competition where it has been suppressed; that to this end the prohibition of combination contained in the Act must be made more definite; that methods for enforcing the prohibition by the Court must be improved; and that the judicial remedies must be supplemented by other adequate machinery to be administered by a federal board or a commission.

As Congress is to resume now its consideration of the trust problem, it may be valuable to re-state the general character of the trust legislation which has been advocated by those who favor the "regulation of competition," although there are many differences in matters of detail.

First: Remove the Uncertainties in the Sherman Law

THIS can be accomplished, in large measure, by making the prohibitions upon combinations more definite, somewhat as the La Follette-Stanley Anti-Trust bills propose, and the recent New Jersey legislation has to some extent done. The Sherman law, as interpreted by the United States Supreme Court, prohibits monopolies and combinations "unreasonably" in restraint of trade. Experience has taught us, in the main, what combinations are thus "unreasonable." They are the combinations which suppress competition. And experience has also taught us that competition is never suppressed by the greater efficiency of one concern. It is suppressed either by agreement to form a monopoly or by those excesses of competition which are designed to crush a rival. And experience has taught us likewise many of the specific methods or means by which the great trusts, utilizing their huge resources or particularly favored positions, commonly crush rivals; for instance, "cut throat" competition; discrimination against customers who would not deal exclusively with the combination; excluding competitors from access to essential raw material; espionage; doing business under false names; and as "fake independents;" securing unfair advantage through railroad rebates; or acquiring, otherwise than through efficiency, such a control over the market as to dominate the trade. The time has come to utilize that experience and to embody its dictates into rules of positive law, which will instruct the many business men who desire to obey the statute, what they should avoid—and admonish those less conscientious what they must avoid. In the course of deciding Sherman law cases, the Supreme Court has specified many illegal methods, but by making the prohibitions upon combinations thus definite, the uncertainty of the Act, about which business men most complain, will be still further removed, and the enforcement of the law will become much simpler and more effective.

Second: Facilitate the Enforcement of the Law by the Courts

A GREAT advance in regulating competition and preventing monopoly will result from making the judicial machinery efficient; and several measures, wisely framed to further this end are also embodied in the La Follette-Stanley anti-trust bills. Efficient judicial machinery will give relief to the people by effecting a real disintegration of those trusts which have heretofore suppressed competition and will also enable individuals who have suffered from illegal acts to secure adequate compensation. Efficient judicial machinery will be even more potent as a deterrent than as a cure; for inefficient judicial processes are the greatest encouragement to law-breaking. Despite the tolerance of trusts heretofore exhibited by the government, it is hardly conceivable that private monopoly would have acquired its present sway in America, if the judicial machinery for enforcing the prohibitions of the Sherman law had been adequate; and it is certain that the lamentable failure of the proceedings against the Standard Oil could have been averted. For the failure of those proceedings was not due primarily to inability of courts to prevent or to disintegrate illegal combinations. It was due to defects in judicial machinery or methods, or to a failure of the courts to recognize or apply existing powers.

The Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust suits present, among other things, this glaring defect in judicial processes; namely, the failure to afford redress for wrongs done in the past. Each of these trusts had extorted hundreds of millions of dollars from the public and in the process had ruthlessly crushed hundreds of independent business concerns. Upon

the admitted facts the Supreme Court declared unanimously that the combinations and their acts were illegal; but the corporations were left in undisputed possession of their ill-gotten gains, and no reparation was made to anyone for the great wrongs so profitably pursued by the trusts,—obviously a failure of justice destined to bring into disrepute not only the Sherman law, but all law.

This failure is not inherent in judicial processes. It is due wholly to a surprising lack of effective legal methods and machinery. The judicial determination of the illegality of the combination and its practices should result, under any proper system of law, as a matter of course, in compensation to the injured, the restoration to the public in some form of the profits wrongfully obtained. The Sherman law contemplated in part such a result; for it provided that anyone injured by an illegal combination might recover three times the damages actually suffered. But that provision has been practically a dead letter; because under the general rules of law the decisions in proceedings instituted by the government do not inure in any respect to the individual benefit of those who have been injured. In order to get redress, the injured person or corporation would have to institute an entirely independent suit, proceeding exactly as if the government had never acted. In other words the private litigant would derive no legal aid from the decree in favor of the government.

THIS rule of general law has afforded to the trusts immunity for wrong done. Few injured individuals or concerns could afford to conduct the expensive litigation necessary to establish the illegality of the trusts. Few could, regardless of expense, obtain the evidence required for that purpose until it was disclosed in the proceeding instituted by the government. But before the government's protracted litigation closed, the Statute of Limitation would ordinarily bar any suits of individual concerns to recover compensation for the wrongs done.

The bills now pending in Congress supply these gross defects in the judicial machinery by a very simple device. They provide in substance, that whenever in a proceeding instituted by the government a final judgment is rendered declaring that the defendant has entered into a combination in unreasonable restraint of trade, that finding shall be conclusive as against the defendant in any other proceeding brought against the defendant by any one, so that the injured person would thereafter merely have to establish the amount of the loss suffered; and the danger of losing the right to compensation while awaiting the results of the government suit is averted by the further simple device of providing that the Statute of Limitations shall not run while the government suit is pending.

THESE are a few of the many improvements in judicial machinery which, if adopted, would go far toward making the Sherman law a controlling force. It is largely by similar improvements in our judicial machinery that the inefficiency of our courts will be overcome, a just administration of law be attained, and respect for the courts be restored.

Third: Create a Board or Commission to Aid in Administering the Sherman Law

THE functions of government should not be limited to the enactment of wise rules of action, and the providing of efficient judicial machinery, by which those guilty of breaking the law may be punished, and those injured, secure compensation. The government, at least where the general public is concerned, is charged with securing, also, compliance with the law. We need the inspector and the policeman, even more than we need the prosecuting attorney; and we need for the enforcement of the Sherman law and regulation of competition, an administrative board with broad powers. What the precise powers of such a board should be is a subject which will require the most careful consideration of Congress. The bill introduced by Senator Newlands, and Senator LaFollette's Federal Trade Commission bill contain many suggestions of great value. It is clear that the scope of the duties of any board that may be created, should be broad; and it is probable that whatever powers are conferred upon the board at the outset, will be increased from time to time as we learn from experience what powers may be safely conferred upon the board. There is, however, little room for difference of opinion on the following:

1: The board should have ample powers of investigation, not only as mainly for the purpose of detecting and exposing lawless business but in order to foster and build up law-abiding business. In the complicated questions involved in dealing with "Big Business" the first requisite is knowledge,—comprehensive, accurate, and up-to-date,—of the details of business operations.

The Bureau of Corporations has, to a slight extent, collected such information in the past, and a part of it has been published with much benefit to the public. The current collection and prompt publication of such information concerning the various branches of business would prove of great value in preserving competition. The methods of destructive competition will not bear the light of day. The mere substitution of knowledge for ignorance —of publicity for secrecy—will go far toward preventing monopoly. But aside from the questions bearing specifically upon the Sherman law, the collection of this data would prove of inestimable advantage to business.

2: The Board should coöperate with the Department of Justice in securing compliance with the Sherman law. The comprehensive knowledge of the different branches of business systematically acquired by the board would greatly facilitate and expedite the work of the Department of Justice and would enable it to supply the Court with that detailed and expert knowledge required to deal intelligently with the intricate commercial problems involved in administering the Sherman law.

3: The board should be empowered to aid in securing compliance with the law, not only in the interests of the general public, but at the request and for the benefit of those particular individuals or concerns who have been injured or fear injury by infractions of the law by others. The inequality between the great corporations with huge resources and the small competitor and others is such that equality before the law will no longer be secured merely by supplying adequate machinery for enforcing the law. To prevent oppression and injustice the government must be prepared to lend its aid.

Fourth: Trade Agreements

WHILE we have acquired much information concerning the great monopolistic trusts like the oil, tobacco, steel, sugar, and beef trusts, which have been investigated by the Bureau of Corporations or congressional committees, little data have been collected and made public concerning the many competitive concerns engaged in many different lines of business, and which have entered into some sort of agreement with one another to limit prices or output, or concerning trade rules and practices. Some of these agreements are doubtless reasonable and beneficent restraints upon trade and should be permitted—others are doubtless vicious and should be abrogated. But in the absence of comprehensive and detailed knowledge of the subjects, we are not in a position to lay down general rules or to legislate intelligently concerning them.

The trade commission should be empowered and directed to obtain such detailed and comprehensive knowledge, and to that end all those competitive concerns now parties to such agreements should be directed to file the same with the commission and also to furnish other relevant information concerning their business. Upon so doing, these concerns should be relieved from any criminal liability for having entered into such agreements in the past and should not be liable criminally for continuing such existing agreements or arrangements, unless they are continued after the department of justice or the trade commission shall have given notice that it deems the same to be in contravention of law.

THIS would not involve giving immunity for any civil liability that may exist, nor the making of any decision by the commission or the department of justice as to whether a liability, criminal or civil, existed. It merely prescribes a means of securing, in aid of justice, and of further necessary legislation, full, comprehensive and detailed information concerning existing trade agreements relating to competitive business, knowledge of which is essential to wise and just action by Congress, the Department of Justice and the proposed trade commission. Of course, any concern which failed to furnish the required information or made a false return would remain subject to criminal liability for the past, as well as for the future.

When all this information shall have been collected, published, and opportunity for its due consideration shall have been presented, we shall be able to deal intelligently with the problem of the extent to which trade agreements among competitors should be permitted. We cannot do it now. Our present duty is to put ourselves into a position to deal with it wisely hereafter.

The Children in the Corridors

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I HAVE seen children playing in the corridors of great hotels—
Pathetic, lonely little creatures,
Surrounded by rich velvet curtains and disinterested nurses,
Trying to play hide-and-seek quietly in the hushed hallways,
Behind shining pillars, as country children play behind trees;
Or teasing the bell-boys, for lack of other companionship,
As the bell-boys hurry about their duties.

These are the children that seldom see their parents;
They are, sadly enough, the product of accident,
And their parents are indifferent to them.
They are tragic little beings;
I am sorry for them with as much pity
As one can retain who lives forever in a crowded metropolis.
In the afternoons I have seen their nurses take them
Out of the silent corridors of the big hotels
Into the noisy stone corridors of the streets,
And parade them solemnly up and down, up and down,
As if they were mere wooden images instead of human beings.
And always the wise little children's eyes follow other little children
Who are in a like predicament,
As if to say, if they could, "We are all one Masonic breed,
And we understand one another."

They are led to the broader corridor of the Avenue,
And toward the park, with its pitiful spaces of green,
Its gravel walks, and its inhospitable signs
That warn them from the grass. They are always surrounded by walls;
There is never any real freedom, even in the park,
And the gray, great buildings, the immaculate hotels,
Are visible in the near distance, and seem to say,
"You cannot escape us! Our windows are eyes that watch you,
And we shall call you back soon."

These children have never learned to play;
They have never learned the wonder of real companionship
With someone who loves them. I pity them more than I pity
The children of poorer people, for the children of poorer people are loved,
And these are cast out because they are in the way,
And given into the keeping of paid servants
Who slight them or secretly frighten them.
They live forever in a state of semi-neglect,
And they will grow up—God pity them!—
Selfish, inconsequential men and women;
For their characters are formed in corridors,
And corridors are narrow, dim places.

The Last Laugh

By CARLYLE ELLIS

"AW, 'twas a kind of a joke," said Gunner Dave Shackles soothingly, as he turned some canned beef stew into a plate for me.

But I was beyond soothing. Something had happened—something big and significant. And I had missed it. In consequence my paper had been scooped and, as I half fell from my tired horse beside Dave's camp-fire, my refuge through all the weary campaign, I still held in my hand the wire that fired me.

"It was serious enough to lose me my job," I answered bitterly, but eating ravenously the while.

"Job, is it?" replied Dave cheerfully. "Well, it's likely to lose all of us our jobs, from the General up, and for good at that. If you ask me, this fool killin'-match is over."

"But what did we do?" I begged weakly.

"Just ran down into the valley," said he, "and shook hands and said, 'Hello, mates, let's have a drink,' same as we used to do before we'd shot eight thousand of 'em—peaceful-abidin' white men talking our lingo and mostly pals—full of bungholes."

"Surrendered!" I gasped, my whirling head confused by Dave's hyperbole.

"Surrendered nawthin'!" roared Dave indignantly. "Ain't I tellin' you, we just turned human being and forgot we were soldiers, as we ought to have done when they began this sickenin' target-practice—to feed the maw of a hoggish trust that has a damn sight too much already.

"I've fit benighted and fanatical heathens of all colors in my time and it was real fighting, for they hated us worse'n soap. But this— Hell! And they call it war! Man-shootin' under scientifical management—three-platoon system and hourly reports to the board of directors—shifts change when the whistle blows (thank God!) and scale and a half for over-time. The General 'phones wireless to his opponent (ain't no more enemies in the war game): 'What was your score today, General?' Answer real polite: 'Only five hundred and fifty-six, not countin' woundeds. What's yours?' 'Oh, you've beaten us by ten today.' 'Sorry, General. Better luck tomorrow.' 'Good-bye, old chap. See you at the bally club soon.'"

THUS these men had jested while they killed—and gone to their own deaths cursing horribly.

"Tell me what has happened," I begged again, abjectly, and Dave stretched himself out on his blankets, leered lazily at me, waved his arm above his head and began theatrically—a trick of his:

"The enemy's rapid-fire rifles had been pouring a rain of lead into us all day long.

With ranges corrected to the last inch, the slaughter was terrific. And hot——"

"Dave," I interrupted, "I didn't ask you to dictate a dispatch. It's too late for that. All I want is a few cold, salient facts."

"Gosh!" grumbled the gunner. "You're an ungrateful cuss. Them were salient and, what's more, they're true. It was a right disagreeable day.

"And yet, somehow, we couldn't get mad at them—just sick inside and all over—for we knew the States boys over the way hated the devilish job as much as we did. But there were black looks and mutterings all over the shop—lots more than there ought to be among regulars—more than I'd ever seen in action before, and I didn't like it. Somethin' not nice seemed to be getting ready to happen—you could fairly feel the air growin' tight and heady. It wasn't the States and it wasn't our off'cers we were muttering at, either. It was them lily-white old ginks pulling the wires at roll-top desks up country. We knew about them. Now, it's duty to obey off'cers' orders, but is it duty, says we, to kill ourselves doin' a trust magnate's dirty work just because he's rich, when we don't owe him nothing?

"At four o'clock the new-fangled gun relief came on and Hy Briggs edged in beside me.

"'Mike Brown's gone,' he shouted in my ear. 'That wipes out the old twenty-eighth. A sweet-smelling score for old Securities Consolidated! And I'm the guy that voted for *their* president. Bought and paid for, by God!'

"Powerful lot of real thinkin' goin' on in them trenches that day, believe me, son!

"I turned to drop to the rear and there stood the General—yes, sir, the Old Man himself and his frightened aides twenty yards back. He was on a knoll above the trench, very straight and still, a choice mark for sharp-shooters—just like the old dare-devil! That tight mouth of his was drawn down hard and his face was pasty-gray, but it wasn't fear that made 'em so. He was looking along at the boys in the first ditch as if he was feelin' darn sorry for 'em. You could tell he was thinkin' hard. too, and not so very different from the rest of us.

"I SAW him raise his binoculars and study the firing line across the valley and it was as if he was trying to see what they over there were *thinkin'*. He pointed them kind of absent-mindedly down into the valley, back and forth. Then they stopped and he kind of stiffened. He looked hard a long time, wiped his eyes, wiped the glasses and tried again. No go. He turned to call an aide, saw that he was practically alone and looked around kind of foolish. It was the queerest performance I ever saw under fire and I've seen a trifle of fighting.

"I was the nearest man to him, and as I was passing back, gol-durned if he didn't spot me and signal me up—always acted as if a general was bigger than the regulations—built that way, I reckon.

"'Gunner,' says he, handing me the glasses, 'what is that white spot in the garden just to the right of the red cabin?'

"I took one good look.

"'My God, sir,' says I, scared stiff, 'it's a kid.'

"I'd expect to feel that way about it in the city if I saw a baby in front of a trolley-car but out in that bloody battlefield what was one youngster more or less? At least, that's the way I tried to feel about it in front of the General, for I was some ashamed. But it wouldn't work that way. Some fool twist in my head—what with the strain and the dyin' and the thinkin'—made it seem as if saving that kid was more important than all the damned wars on earth.

"But the General snapped me up quick.

"'Well, what of it?' says he, with a sharp, fierce look as if I had touched him on the raw.

"'It—it'll be killed, sir,' I stammered like a fool.

"'Not an unusual thing on a battlefield,' he said dryly, but a shade slower.

"I answered him right back this time. 'Yes, sir,' I says, 'but this somehow seems a lot different.'

"'Perhaps it is,' he says, looking at me sharp and keen. And then he turned away. Just then an aide and a bugler rode up. The General studied that white spot for quite a spell, the tight muscles in his face lettin' go one by one. Then they all screwed up again. He nodded short to himself and ripped out an order:

"'Sound *Cease firing*. Raise a truce flag and ask Captain Foster to report here to me with six cavalrymen at once.'

"WHEN the aide had gone I stepped up to hand the General his glasses, but he waved them off and his hand wasn't steady.

"'See, gunner,' said he, 'if it is—a boy or a girl.'

"And him thirty-two years in the service!

"I picked out the little bobbing figure in the flower garden, and watched it through the dust clouds.

"'It seems, sir,' says I, 'to be a girl—about four, in a white dress, and lookin' for something she's lost, sir.'

"Just then a queer thing happened. We hadn't quit firing thirty seconds before the States guns quit too, and there was the whole, bloomin' beautiful valley in the deadest silence you ever heard—not a bird-call, of course, nor even a cricket. And we hadn't more than got the white flag out of its tin case before up went one on the other side. And Captain Foster had no more than got his orders (staring and smiling like mad, but wholesome) to ride out for the kiddie and anything living that belonged to it, than out from the other side rode a corporal's guard and an officer and headed straight for the little red cabin.

"Our rescue party was off at a trot and when it saw the other party coming at a gallop it lifted to a gallop too, and the pace stiffened.

"'It's a race!' shouted a voice in the first trench, and tousled heads and grimy bodies and legs rose up like ten thousand gophers. Bets were being laid before the runners were a hundred yards off, and I noticed men's heads along the line turning rear and front, telling the cripples down there in the trenches how it was going.

"The General (horse-flesh is his soft spot, you know) was leaning forward still as stone. He seemed to have forgotten all about being a general with a job of killing on, but then so had everyone else forgotten. Now what do you know about that? I mean, seriously. Wallace, they say, called it *reaction*, whatever that is. I say we were just over-trained. But it felt like a sort of comin' to life.

"Anyway the General was certainly happy—for him. I could hear him talkin' to himself:

"'Good riding! Good riding!—Ah, nearly a cropper! Lift her, man, lift her! Steady now!—Good!'

"A breeze had cleared the air and we could see plain into the valley. Both parties were spurring now and gosh! how those boys were scooting down the slopes and raising the dust! Looked like two sure-enough whirlwinds in a tournament. That's what it was, a tournament, and the 'way-down-deep sporting instinct in every mother's son of us was on top. Twenty thousand men were yellin' their heads off around us and wavin' anything they could lay hands on. One guy to the left was swinging a long, blood-red bandage in circles over his head and reeling at every swing.

"NOW they were getting close to the cabin and it seemed an even break between our men and theirs. Our cheering stopped suddenly—all at the same second, as if we'd been turned off at the main switch. Then the low roar of the cheering army on the other side came across like a challenge. It wasn't a raw war challenge either, but a big, warm, good-fellow challenge and we yelled back like demons, climbing over the trenches regardless.

"Now our boys had hit the road and wheeled right. The others were cutting across lots on a slant and they hurdled two fences as we looked. In front of the cabin there's a big clear farmyard. That was the goal. The little speck of white had retreated to the doorway, frightened by the horsemen. Into the yard they dashed from opposite sides at the same instant—and turned into one mass of men and horse in a cloud of dust. It looked bad. For five seconds nobody breathed. Then the dust blew off—and everybody was shaking hands.

"The General threw up his arm and called sharply for his horse with some wild notion, I reckon, of stopping things himself before they went so far that they couldn't be stopped. Then he changed his mind and stood his ground with the rest of us as the next act in the big ring began.

"The twenty men in the valley dismounted and walked together to the door of the cabin where that blessed mite was standing her ground like a regular, but scared white.

"'I frightened,' she whimpered (as Dinny told us afterward), before any of them big gawks could think of a word to say to her.

"'Mustn't be frightened,' says Big Bob Scott, as soft as his foghorn voice would let him. 'We've come to show you our nice horsies.' Hell of a line of talk for a case-hardened cavalryman, what? But the kid came right out to Bob and took his hand, him blushing like a real lady. I'd give a year in clink to have seen it.

"'Naughty Joe runned away,' says Missy next. 'He must come back.'

"'Who's Joe?' asks Bob.

"'Joe's my doggie,' says she lookin' surprised that he didn't know.

"'We'll find him for you,' promises reckless Bob, forgetting he wasn't quite the commander-in-chief.

"'Now?' she asks.

"BOB looked at Captain Foster and he looked at the States officer and everyone looked at everyone else and grinned like sin.

"'I want him now!' says the Kid imperative.

"'All right,' says Captain Foster, kneeling down beside her. 'But first tell me where Daddy is.' And they all gathered 'round while the two had a heart-to-heart.

"In a minute or two the watching armies saw the men in front of the red cabin mount and instead of starting back for the lines they began to scatter all over the valley. Big Bob and a States man went tearing off down the road together and another pair raced the other way.

"'What in—' says the General, and stepped to his horse and mounted in a flash, while his staff, which had ridden in from the rear, gathered around open-mouthed.

"'Most extraordinary conduct,' says the General, important, just as if it wasn't his doing. 'A most serious matter. I consider it advisable to investigate it in person. Forward, gentlemen!'

"And out he rode beyond the lines, very dignified and slow, with the whole bloomin' staff trailin' behind.

"Then out of the lines across the valley came another mounted party and it was ridin' slow and dignified too. Well, you can guess them trenches buzzed some.

"But I got to thinking about the time when we'd have to go back to the killing again—like you keep thinking about the shop when you're off on a picnic—and I liked it less than ever.

"The two bunches of officers met in front of the red cabin, and at first they just saluted very stiffly; but in a minute they were shaking hands too, and dismounting and talking to the Kid.

"THEN up through the silence came something that went to our heads like liquor and set us crazy. It was the deep laughing of men, free and strong and hearty. Now, why should that have got to us so hard?

"Of course it was the Kid that did it. She shook her finger at the two generals, they say, and piped up:

"'You go find my doggie.'

"Just then there was a long 'Eeeeeeow!'—Bob's ear-splitting cowboy yell—from away down the valley, and a little puff of dust began to come back up the road. The call was answered from somewhere else and a cavalryman began racing in from the other side. Then faint across the valley came the yell again, this time all multiplied up. We answered, and in a jiffy the noise was worse than a million coyotes.

"I don't recollect exactly what did happen next but I have a confused notion of seeing more men coming from the States lines and it seemed as if everything in the landscape was headed for the red cabin. Suddenly I found myself sprinting down the rough hillside faster than if seventeen hundred devils were after me, which, you might say, there was and more, too. But I didn't know that, for the air was thick with human yell and excitement and the only thing in life seemed to be to get first to the bottom of that valley.

"You've seen a crowd gather to a street accident, closing in on the run from all sides like a lot of crazy sheep. This was like that, only a million times bigger and wilder and crazier. All the officers in commission couldn't have stopped that stampede if they had tried—which they may have, for all I know. Nothing but a bullet would have stopped me.

"I had almost reached the road and was pretty well winded when Big Bob Scott—he's only six foot three—came riding by like the devil himself, and in one hand, held high over his head, was a little yelping, yellow mut.

"'Make way for the queen's messenger,' he sang out as he went by, and at that I got to laughing like a fool—and I couldn't stop. I had to quit running, though, and lie down to have it out. Then I heard the air full of laugh instead of yells. At least it was still yell, but a different sort. And there all around me was one army running plumb into the arms of another and rolling on the ground together and busting their sides something shameless. Then they'd shake hands and start to say something and go off again like a lot of girls.

"BUT gosh, that laugh was a comfort! It just seemed to wipe the whole world clean. It made everything look entirely different, from religion to politics, and it made the war game seem the most useless, senseless dam-foolishness ever invented. There was a message from the Almighty in that laugh if there ever was one since the world began.

"When I could get to my feet I looked around and there were acres and acres of soldiers as thick as peas and all laughing and chinning like mad. A great crowd was in front of the red cabin and I was wondering how I was going to butt in, when I raised my hand to shade my eyes and then I saw I was still carrying the General's binoculars. That settled it. Those glasses must go back, and off I went.

"That was a gay crowd of soldier boys. In the middle, above the level of khaki caps, was the Kid, sitting on a shoulder and hugging the recovered mut to her like a doll. And highly pleased with the world she was, the minx, and laughin' and chatterin' and shakin' her taffy curls at everything in a uniform that could get near her. It was her that had them all holding their selves tight to keep from aching in two.

"A space had been cleared around the cabin and the two generals were standing in the doorway alone, their staffs together a little to one side. I slipped by the guard and walked up as bold as brass, holding the glasses in plain sight.

"The look on the faces of the two old fighting men made me remember what they were up against—boards of strategy, and presidents, courts-martial, trust magnates and hell generally. It made me glad to be only a private. They didn't see me at first and I couldn't help hearing something that wasn't meant for me.

"'IT can't be done,' said the States chief. 'The private soldier is a thinking human being in this day and age and he's just seen a big white light. All hell won't make him go back to the guns in this temper. We must find some other way.'

"'If my death,' said the Old Man, very solemn and slow, 'would end this wretched business and save what's left of my men I'd go gladly. That's strange talk to you, sir. But these are strange times.'

"Then he saw me there, with the glasses in my hand, and turning to the other general with a dry sort of smile, he said, 'This is the man, General, who is likely to be the death of me.' And turning to me with a twinkle in his eye that I could hardly believe, says he:

"'Gunner, you're the man who helped to get us into this. Now, as man to man, how are you going to get us out?'

"'As man to man, General, since you ask it,' says I, thinking hard, 'I'm afraid we're all in it to stay. But if we all stick together down here (I'm a union man back home, sir) and keep the peace like law-abidin' citizens, so to speak, somebody up there will have to find another way than killin' to settle what we were sent here to settle, and the war (God save the mark, sir!) will be dead and done for.'

"'Gunner,' says the States general, laughing, 'you're a philosopher after my own heart, but you're a queer sort of soldier.'

"'There's a lot of old-fashioned human nature, sir, been croppin' out of uniforms in these parts lately,' says I.

"Just then in comes an officer with word to the generals that things were warming up between us and the States men over which side was entitled to keep the Kid. Of course we were all wild to have the darlin'.

"'WHAT has our Solomon here to suggest,' says the States general, looking at me. He meant it for a joke and laughed, but the Old Man turned to me real kindly, and waited to see if I had anything to say.

"'Askin' your pardon, sir,' says I. 'How would another tournament do?'

"'Another tournament?' says they, lookin' puzzled.

"'Sure,' says I. 'More horse races and foot races and boxing and wrestling for points and the best army wins the Kid. It'll keep the boys out of devilment for a day or two, anyhow.'

"'Thank you, gunner,' said the Old Man, nodding fast, and blamed if he didn't hold out his hand to me, and he looked mighty happy over something.

"'We may, gunner, have done some service in the world today, this gentleman and you and I,' he says, 'and we must not count the cost. I am ready, sir (turning to the other general), if you are, to place my stake.'

"That's what happened to your Uncle Dave, son, only yesterday—to me, Dave Shackles, gunner.

"Well, the tournaments are on for tomorrow morning, and the boys have been training like fury. The General's still sealed up at headquarters keeping the wire to the capital hot (God pity him!); takin' the brunt of it all, as they say, and waiting for the worst to happen. Lordy, I wish we knew what was going on back home."

Dave gazed into the fire in silence, biting away on his pipe-stem, and I got up stiffly and stumbled away through the dark camp to headquarters. On the bulletin board of the correspondents' tent an orderly was pinning some fresh flimsy from the wireless, and my confrères were gathered around, too absorbed to see me. The first read:

"A dispatch from London to the *Tribune* says: The amazing and laughable collapse of the Federated States campaign on the field of Little Valley has drawn an echo of mirth from all England. The press is unanimous in declaring it to be the greatest single blow for world-peace ever struck, if it can be said to have been struck at all. 'Henceforth,' the *Times* will say editorially tomorrow, 'a war between English-speaking nations, and probably between any of the world-powers will be virtually impossible. In a day, war has been changed from a tragic and awful menace to a monstrous absurdity. It has been laughed out of court. It is as dead as dueling.'"

A Ballad of Woman

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THIS poem, published in HARPER'S WEEKLY under its former management, is republished now because it is real poetry and because it is an appropriate greeting to the visiting Englishwoman. Even those Americans who believe that, like many crusaders, Mrs. Pankhurst has in the last year or two let her enthusiasm run away with her judgment, may well pay tribute to her devotion, her courage and her pioneer spirit.

(*Respectfully, Admiringly, and Gratefully*
Dedicated to Mrs. Pankhurst)

SHE bore us in her dreaming womb,
And laughed into the face of Death;
She laughed, in her strange agony,—
To give her little baby breath.

Then, by some holy mystery,
She fed us from her sacred breast,
Soothed us with little birdlike words—
To rest—to rest—to rest—to rest;

Yea, softly, fed us with her life—
Her bosom like the world in May:
Can it be true that men, thus fed,
Feed women—as I hear them say?

Long ere we grew to girl and boy,
She sewed the little things we wore,
And smiled unto herself for joy—
Mysterious Portress of the Door.

Shall she who bore the son of God,
And made the rose of Sappho's song,
She who saved France, and beat the drum
Of freedom, brook this vulgar wrong?

I wonder if such men as these
Had once a sister with blue eyes,
Kind as the soothing hand of God,
And, as the quiet heaven, wise.

I wonder if they ever saw
A soldier lying on a bed
On some lone battle-field, and watched
Some holy woman bind his head.

I wonder if they ever walked
Lost in a black and weary land,
And suddenly a flower came
And took them softly by the hand.

I wonder if they ever heard
The silver scream, in some gray morn,
High in a lit and listening tower,
Because a man-child then was born.

I wonder if they ever saw
A woman's hair, or in her eye
Read the eternal mystery—
Or ever saw a woman die.

I wonder, when all friends had gone—
The gay companions, the brave men—
If in some fragile girl they found
Their only stay and comrade then.

She who thus went through flaming hell
To make us, put into our clay
All that there is of heaven, shall she—
Mother and sister, wife and fay—

Have no part in the world she made—
Serf of the rainbow, vassal flower—
Save knitting in the afternoon,
And rocking cradles, hour by hour!

MRS. PANKHURST

Looking at Mrs. Pankhurst

By JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A LITTLE gray mouse defying the lion. Tying fancy knots in his wrinkled old tail and slapping his sagging chops. What part of that frail little body showed the sublime courage she surely had? That was the question that interested me, as I knew that some line or contour, however subtle, must inevitably indicate it.

Her whole appearance was that of a slender, tiny gentlewoman, a sheltered woman with small bones. The rather middle-aged slump of her shoulders and the small neck and the sweetness of her expression were misleading, as were the weak feminine gestures.

But in examining more closely I found two physical signs of her spirit—her jaw—although I hesitate to use the term—indicating the fighter, and I rather fancied the fearless straight line of the back of her neck was another indication.

Her confession of a portion of Irish blood in her veins accounted for a number of qualities, including the human.

Her clear, simple and eloquent speech was in marked contrast to that of the solemnly fumbled rhetoric of the gentleman who introduced her. The impression was strong that here was a good woman, and a great spirit. A spirit that seemed to regard humorously her puny body. It didn't matter. There was nothing hysterical or self-conscious in her. There was no false modesty, on the other hand. She knew that she stood for a big idea—that she was a leader, and said so, but not with self-aggrandizement. I could not help feeling that she had what some call "the vision." When she said that the reason she and they in England were resorting to militancy was because every other means had been tried, you felt that she spoke bitter truth.

When she compared her coming to America for sympathy and money for the war chest with Benjamin Franklin's journey to Paris, there was something so beautifully appealing and whimsically pathetic about it all that it brought tears to my eyes. She spoke truth when she called the men the sentimental and unpractical sex!

She said she was naturally law-abiding. You felt sure of it.

And if any lout had laughed I knew I should walk right over thousands of respectable ladies' laps and kick a portion of his face in! Sitting near me there were one or two serious suffragettes with watery eyes and blue noses and I thought to myself "I really don't give a whoop whether *you* get the vote or not"—which was silly, and so like a man to confound issues with personalities! But although Mrs. Pankhurst is far from beautiful—although she has only a certain piquant prettiness—I knew that if it were in my power to give her the vote I should be glad to, for the simple reason that she wanted it so much—and so sweetly!

The Rebellion in China

Being an extract from a private letter to the editor of Harper's Weekly from a Chinese friend

I CAN assure you that living as I do among the people it has been astonishing to see how rapidly the empty pretensions of the so-called "people's party," Kuo ming tang, have been rated at their true worth.

Two years ago, at the revolution against the Manchu government, they were welcomed from the south and followed so obsequiously, and deferred to so much as being liberal and enlightened. Now to a man, with the exception of their own paid party and a few enthusiasts, everyone who has anything to lose, whether business, land, or money, declares that the country, collectively and individually, has had enough of them, and desires now to settle down to straightening out financial and business matters and state organization: but alas, alack, and well-a-day, we have some neighbors whose last desire is that we shall be consolidated. They keep up and fan the flame of party strife, both openly and secretly, till the President is often driven to take a very different stand from what he would wish and it is really now a fight with Japan using the discontented elements of the country as her weapon, the same old game that she played in Korea, which the southerners are forwarding for personal reasons without regard to the good of the country at large.

The unfortunate part is that while the Kuo Ming tong are not able to substantiate their own claim to regard, they are loud mouthed and cast much suspicion on those who would bring law and order to the country.

It is quite true that some of the means are not exactly what would meet with approval from the sentimentalists, but I think that if one should ask any American who had had the actual burden of administration in the Philippines, he would agree that Yuan has been patient to the verge of weakness in dealing with the refractory elements. He knows his own people, and also some of the Europeans with whom he has to deal, better than they would like to acknowledge at all times. No one who has had to govern an oriental country but realizes that it is not as easy as to manage a European population. Yet I dare say your own president will declare that his office is no sinecure.

For example, just now, Nanking city is fallen into the hands of the government troops and is undergoing all the horror inseparable from war. I send you a slip published some days ago telling of what they suffered from the "republican" troops. Now it is somewhat worse under Chang hsun and his coadjutor Feng Kuo chang is having his own troubles with him, as well as in restraining his own troops. This man, Chang hsun, is a man of the old type of troops under the dynasties that have prevailed in China, and I cannot give a better idea than to say he might stand for the original Poo-bah of Mikado fame, only realistically, which is not always so picturesque as in a play. His followers never expect or give quarter, and while they are in a sense loyal to him would feel grievously wronged out of their immemorial rights and privileges, were they not allowed to loot and pillage a fallen city. Yet the man is loyal to Yuan and in all the fighting his troops have stood the brunt of the fight, so that out of the ten thousand that started, it is said there are but seven left. And people say they ought to be killed too!

Europeans say why send such a man to fight? In the first place, he had a private grudge to pay off, as he was driven out of Nanking with the revolution two years ago, because he did not obey Yuan's orders to stop fighting and come out when the peace between the north and the south was declared. One of his secondary wives, who fell into the hands of the "People's Party," they made a display of in various cities and houses and after using her as they pleased sent her back. Now Chang hsun would never rest till he had been given a chance to pay off old scores and regain his face, so it would have been an impossible matter to have kept him from going if there was to be fighting in Nanking, since the rebels had taken it for their headquarters. Next it ensured Yuan the fact that he would have some one who would fight with a will, if the resistance offered by the rebels should amount to anything. To keep hold of the doings Feng Kuo chang, who is on the new order with the new troops, was sent down too. This is a fine man, straightforward and business-like and since he is just as kindly, and a good administrator, his troops have been welcomed in the districts that they have gone into. Some differences have arisen between the two sets but the president will settle them after he has disposed of the more refractory ones. You will say what a loss of life, in one sense, yes, yet in another, no. The Americans have found in their dealing with the Moros for example, there is nothing else to do. It is not possible to tame some people any more than one can teach a panther to plough.

Sentimentalists will make an outcry at this statement, but you and I know that there is nothing like actual experience to teach people facts. Moreover, with us the most imperative need is not the preservation of a lot of banditti, but restoration of peace and order as rapidly as possible. Our population increases fast enough to replace the loss. The banditti do some good in putting down the refractory rebels, and it is something on the order of the fighting Kilkenny cats, but it leaves the world rid of the whole lot of them and that is about the only use I can see for war.

END OF A FAKE KICK PLAY

Robinson of Colgate stopped by the Army tacklers after a good gain

Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

THERE is promise of a better Army-Navy game this year than in many a long season. The sailors have at command a formidable list of veterans, while at West Point there is a wealth of high-class material at work under unusually competent coaching. The loss of the Yale game undoubtedly has proved a good thing for the Army for this year at least, as the team has not been brought along too fast, and there is every evidence of careful building for the big date. The Colgate game, which for thrills has seldom had an equal, was taken in the regular stride, although toward the close of that stiff contest the Army uncovered a series of forward passes that probably were not intended for use until later in the season.

One of the outstanding features of the season to date is the prominence of certain of the smaller college teams—elevens that are giving the best in the country, hard battles through sheer good football. Colgate was no exception. Here was a team for whom the Army team's prestige had no terrors, and which was probably two weeks ahead of the soldiers in the matter of development. There were many veterans on the eleven, and the new material measured close to their standard. For sheer speed no team that I had seen up to that time could match the men from Northern New York. The offensive play was founded on a nice combination of deception and power and the handling of the ball in the criss-crosses and delayed passes would have done credit to any eleven in the country.

This small college team proved that what is known among the coaches as "old stuff" is still valuable, and although later in the season it will be harder to fool the defense, smart passing behind the line is still a factor in up-to-date football. Coach Bankhart's team caught the West Pointers off guard, and proceeded to make the most of the situation, so that, although ultimately defeated, the team provided just the test for the Army players that was badly needed.

One form of the play that earned a touchdown for Colgate is shown in the diagram, (Figure 1). This play was originated by Harvard three years ago, and has been adopted with good results by many other elevens East and West. The quarter takes a direct pass from the center and poises the ball above his shoulder as if to make a forward pass. Two men go down the field to complete the bluff, while the end comes around from his position and takes the ball while in full stride. Colgate used a back to take the ball, but in other respects the play was the same for all practical purposes as its Harvard predecessor, and much like the play used successfully by Dartmouth against Princeton last year. A variation of the play, built on the same principle, however, was used seven times on the same day that Colgate was using it for a touchdown at West Point.

THIS game, like many others, notably the Harvard-Holy Cross contest, proved, if proof were needed, the value of the run from kick formation. A sample run of the kind is shown in the diagram (Figure 2). There is an excellent chance to get a tackle into the interference, and indeed, some elevens swing a guard around from his position. Since the run starts from well back of the line of scrimmage there is plenty of room for line men to swing around into the play.

Little by little, many coaches are coming to believe in the value of the simple backfield shift combined with the starting signal. With this shift used behind a balanced line as Colgate used it and as the Navy used it a couple of years ago, the backs have little difficulty in finishing their places, and the play is off like a flash. Sliding the line in the defence or dropping back a tackle, effective against line shifts, do not seem to work so well in meeting the simple back shift. With the starting signal in use the forwards do not have to keep their eyes on the ball, and there is every chance to beat the leather—a process that is noticeable from the topmost row of the grandstand but that is difficult for the official on the field to detect.

The development at West Point this year seems to have been somewhat slower than usual, but the team under Lieut. Charles D. Daly is undoubtedly being coached on sound lines. The backs have been running from the square form so familiar at Cambridge, the famous Harvard wheel-shift has been used with good results, and indeed throughout the work of the team, especially in details, there is evidence of adherence to the Harvard system. Close judges of football have come to believe that the Harvard system of coaching may well be copied with profit, and Daly who always has been a thinker in football and is also thoroughly conversant with Haughton's methods, makes almost an ideal coach. There is every reason to believe that when the soldiers meet the sailors in New York on November 29, the black, gold and gray will have on the field an eleven up to the standard of the best of former Army teams. Especially impressive is the

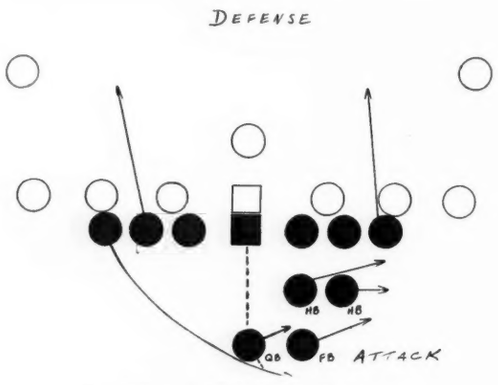


Fig.—1: Fake forward pass

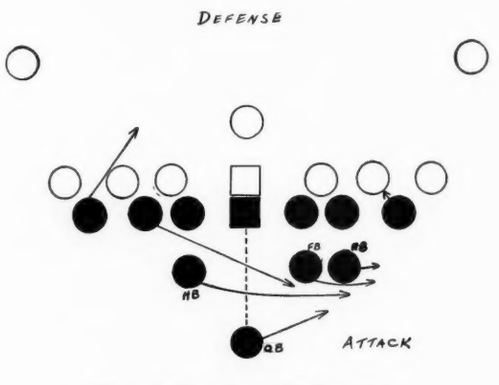


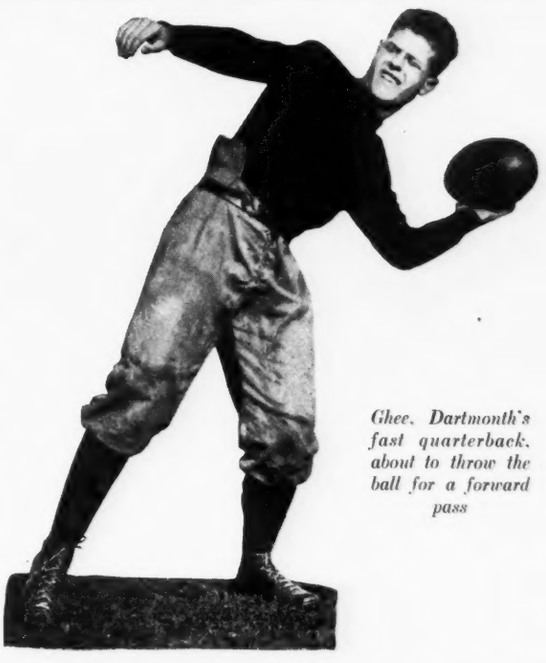
Fig.—2: Run from kick formation

development of the kicking game, although against Colgate it was not as effective as the army coaches had hoped it would be.

THE West Point theory seems to be the development of an entire backfield of kickers, who can punt both for distance and direction, can drop-kick and also shift at the goal from placement. When this style of game has reached the zenith of efficiency it should be extremely dangerous in any part of the field. Against Colgate the Army was plainly in the throes of a mid-season falling off from form, but in the end the game was won largely through the maximum of individual interference. When this interference becomes a habit as has been the case of Harvard it should provide more than one opportunity to score, besides being the bulwark of down-field work and running back kicks. The Army did less kicking in its first really hard game than one would have expected but the handling of the ball was not clean through the first half, and the running game was used to make up the ground lost in the punting duel.

On the attack, ball in hand, there is every promise of coming power, and no doubt the necessary deception will be added to the play later in the season, to make the soldiers' running game extremely formidable. In the meantime the Navy eleven, boasting a lot of husky veterans, has had smooth sailing to date, and it is doubtful if the midshipmen's full hand will be shown until the team tackles the rival government institution. In a general way the type of game played by the two service schools is noticeably similar. The two coaching systems have been drawing closer and closer together in the last five years.

It has been said of the Army-Navy game that it provided more thrills and less good football than any of the big games. In their over-anxiety to get at each other, the players of the two teams have frequently forgotten much that they had been taught. This year, however, both elevens have veterans who have been under fire on Franklin Field, and who are extremely unlikely to lose their heads. Furthermore, there is a coolness in the attitude of this year's Army team that is rather unusual. The men know the rules thoroughly, and seem to have the gift of thinking on the field. The defence against Colgate was not as alert as it might have been, but I think that is a fault that will not be in evidence on the day of the big game. In the Colgate game, the Army team found its first opportunity to tackle a very shifty and very fast type of fairly open play, and should benefit mightily by the experience.



Ghee, Dartmouth's fast quarterback, about to throw the ball for a forward pass

NEW YORK will have its first opportunity in many years to witness a high-class football game within the city limits when Dartmouth and Carlisle clash on November 15. The Indians are always popular in all sections of the country, but they seem to have an unusually enthusiastic following in New York. Whatever may have happened to both these teams by the time these lines appear, both will probably play up-to-date football when they get together. Curiously enough, Dartmouth was founded as an Indian school, and the redskins are still welcomed there, although Carlisle will put in the field more Indians than have appeared at Dartmouth in many years. This year's Indian eleven boasts of five members of the Chippewa tribe, a tribe already made famous in all forms of athletics. The right tackle and right end are both members of this tribe, as are also Welch, the quarterback and Guion, one of the half-backs. Brocklan, another Chippewa, is also a half-back. Other tribes represented on the team are the Colville from Washington, the Mission from California, the Tuscarora from New York, the Pomo from California, the Sac and Fox from Oklahoma, and the Shoshone from Wyoming. The star of the team is Guion, the big back who raised so much havoc with Cornell, and who was a terror in the tackle position last year. Guion is one of the hardest backs to stop on the field this year. He runs low and hard, keeps his feet well, and is hardly to be brought down by a single tackler. Welch, the captain and quarter-back, has yet to live up to his reputation of a year ago. He was then a veteran, while Guion was just beginning to learn the game. Glenn Warner, Carlisle's athletic director, and head coach, bemoans the Indian tendency toward carelessness on defence in the backfield, and attributes to this more than any other factor the frequent scores against Carlisle even when the Indians have triumphed, but in spite of this, there has been some splendid handling of the ball on kicks, and when the redskins are not troubled by vagaries of the wind on a strange field, they are apt to give any pair of ends an extremely busy afternoon. While Warner up to this time has clung to the closer style of attack, he is known to be a master of the open game, was one of the first coaches, indeed, if memory serves, the very first, to develop the shifts, and when he sends his team against the Green, it is fairly certain that he will use every resource at his command. By the date of that game, Dartmouth will have been put to the acid test against Princeton, and whatever the outcome of that match (fought out before this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY appears) the Hanover eleven should be close to the top of its form, although a defeat at the hands of the Indians would hardly be considered as a serious blot on the Dartmouth escutcheon. One of the interesting features of the game should be the probable sharp contrast in style of attack, the Indians still clinging to the use of the direct pass from center, while Dartmouth makes use of the quarterback in most of the Green's best plays.

Capt. Hogsett, Dartmouth's star end, who has been kicking in fine form all season

Telling the Truth to Mike Smith

By PAUL E. TRIEM

ALTHOUGH it was neither noon nor a holiday, the great wheels and shafts, with their intricate interlacing of belts, were still; men in greasy overalls and jumpers lounged uneasily about, some of them leaning against the massive machinery, some standing stiffly on guard against—against what? The men didn't know.

Then a man in a plain business suit of gray mounted briskly to the top of a rough little stand that had been erected near the door of the great room, and instantly the attention of the crowd was focused upon him. Something unusual was about to happen—for the wheels were stopped, and eleven hundred "hands" had been given a half hour off to listen to this man in the gray suit. Eleven hundred half hours—nearly seventy days of eight hours each! And the company, a great, steel-hearted, conscienceless corporation, had given this time! Certainly there must be a "joker" hidden in the thing, somewhere.

Then the man on the rostrum began to speak. He was one of those strong-faced, keen-eyed, unhurried individuals who can look a crowd in the face and talk to it as he would talk man to man. And he began to speak of that old, old subject which has been hidden in a garment of mystery since Adam and Eve left the garden.

HE spoke slowly, telling of the dangers to which the animal in man subjects the angel in man when he dictates the path of action. And as he spoke, his eyes wandered over the audience, and he seemed to be seeking something. Presently his glance paused, resting on a grimy face; a young face, in spite of the grime, from which the innocence of youth seemed not to have departed. And suddenly the speaker's voice thrilled, and he was speaking directly to that one man in the audience.

"I know men," the voice of the speaker declared, "and I know that many of you at this very moment are saying, 'A lad must have his fling—it never hurt anyone to sow his wild oats!' And I tell you frankly that I don't care what you do; you're welcome to go this very night and seek the path that goes down to death—but I intend that you shall know. You have heard that your souls would suffer for your sinning; but I tell you that every time you take this chance, you are risking a life of suffering, of insanity and heart disease, of corruption such as you cannot even imagine. I see that some of you are smiling; that you think I am trying to scare you with statements that are not true. Now let me read to you from this book, which was written by a physician for physicians; remember, it was not written to scare you, but was written by a specialist, for others in his profession."

By this time the smiles were gone, and the audience was still. They listened breathlessly as the man on the platform read from the medical book before him. And he read the old, miserable story, divested as far as might be of technical language, of the man who had sinned and who was paying the price.

So it is that the "Society of Social and Moral Hygiene of Seattle" works. This lecture took place in the machine-shop of one of the largest construction firms on the coast. The physician who delivered the lecture was a member of the society. He gave his time, while the corporation gave the time of the men. The lecturer went on to tell his audience of the odds against them if they insisted on trying to beat the devil at his own game, where the dice are always loaded. And he told them of three typical sufferers from one of these diseases, which is ignorantly supposed to be of little significance.

THE first admitted that he had been infected, but that it had amounted to "little more than a cold"—had left him in a little while, none the worse in mind or body.

The second told of having been infected; he admitted that the trouble had persisted longer than he liked, but that it had left him in good health.

The third had also been infected; he had been disordered for months, but finally he had been "cured."

"Now, all those men thought they were telling the truth," the physician on the rostrum admitted. "But what they did not tell, because they did not connect it with the taint which had come and apparently had gone, was the fact that a wife had been operated on, repeatedly, and had escaped death from an abdominal trouble by a miracle; or that a child had been born later, into whose life the light of the sun would never shine—for he was blind. But I can tell you what the family physician knew: that the repeated operations, with death narrowly averted, and the little sightless eyes—these things were among the consequences of the infection that was 'no worse than a cold.'"

THE lecture was finished, and the men filed silently back to their work. And the result? What has been the actual result from this campaign of education?

Every school-house in Seattle, with two exceptions, was used; a physician and a layman speaker presided over each meeting. The physician talked to the parents. He told them that it was not enough to go to the polls and vote the "reform" ticket; they must get down to more serious work; must care for their sons and daughters while they were still in the shelter of the home, must build up healthy bodies and clean minds.

At these meetings, booklets were distributed, setting forth in detail the message of the society.

THE lectures in factories and mills and mines were undertaken later. At first some employers objected to giving the necessary time, but as the nature and purpose of the campaign became known, this resistance ceased.

Other members were taken into the organization, paying a membership fee to help cover the actual expenses, such as the printing of booklets, etc.

And now, once more, that old American question of results: Did the campaign "make good"? Well, it is only begun, in the first place; and in the second, it must be remembered that when a fly-wheel has been revolving as long as has this fly-wheel of reticence and wilful blindness which surrounds all sex questions, it can not be stopped or reversed in a moment. One of the physicians with whom I talked, frankly admitted that the lectures to parents had seemed less successful and productive than had those with the working men. On about half the faces in the school-house audiences, a certain intolerant hostility had been evident; the others were interested, some of them perhaps convinced. Of this part of the campaign it may be said that it is an investment in the community's future; it will bear fruit, but it is impossible to say how many fold.

THE lectures to the men were more unmistakably productive. In the first place, there was no prejudice against discussing these things; in the second place, the appeal was a more direct, and if it must be admitted, a more selfish one. When you tell a woman that her youngsters may be corrupted by corrupt children around the corner, no matter how tactfully you make the statement, you are pretty apt to arouse her opposition. She knows her children "aren't that kind." But when you tell Mike Smith, down at the mill, that his sins are sure to find him out, and then follow the argument up by showing him in just what percentage of cases the devil wins his stakes, and just how heavy his hand is on those who lose, Mike isn't in shape to offer any such argument. He knows that he is guilty; but he has never heard anyone state, authoritatively, the penalty. Now, when he is told that he is playing with the terrors of death and insanity and life-long suffering, first for himself and afterwards for the innocent wife and child who may sometime come to share his name, he has to stop and think.

And when you make a man think, you've got him, provided your cause is a good one. A certain number of Mike Smiths will go to the devil in spite of all the warning in the world; but a good many will not go, if they have to go with the bandage of ignorance torn from their eyes. Ignorance is the devil's greatest weapon.

Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Telephone Securities and Government Ownership

RUMORS from Washington that the Administration has been considering the advisability of government ownership of telegraph and long-distance telephone lines have been distinctly unnerving to owners of telephone and telegraph securities. Following the news despatches, stock of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, which, in addition to owning the Western Union Telegraph, is the central organization of all the Bell telephone companies, fell 11¾ points in fifteen days. Usually Tel. and Tel. holds as steady as a rock in any stock market and its decline from 131⅜ on September 29 to 119⅝ on October 14 was of direct concern to fifty thousand owners.

The government has recently entered into competition with the express companies, and talk of government ownership of telegraph lines is no new thing. But this is the first occasion on which any serious proposal has been made for government ownership of telephone lines. Naturally many stockholders have been aroused by the suggestion. The capital stock, bonds and notes payable of the Bell system in the hands of the investing public on December 31 last, amounted to no less than $725,900,000. The number of shareholders of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company alone stood at 50,297, of whom a majority were women; 43,553 held 100 shares or less, and 31,953 held 25 shares or less. This does not take into account the thousands of owners and bondholders, other than the Tel. & Tel., in the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Mackay Companies (which own the Postal Telegraph and Commercial Cables) or of the 20,000 independent telephone companies.

A Gigantic Task

ONE thing is clear. If the government attempts to enter the telephone field the number of citizens whose pecuniary interests will be involved is very great indeed. The following letter from one of them, in Holyoke, Mass., is typical:

"I wish to inquire into American Telephone stock and its outlook. I have about $2,000 to invest for my father, who, in years to come, must depend somewhat upon the income derived. American Telephone has long been one of my favorites. Within the past week or two this stock has dropped considerable, due, no doubt, to government agitation against the company, and naturally I wish to inquire what, in your opinion, will be the outcome? Do you think that the company can pay 8 per cent. in years to come? Do you think the government can find the company guilty of restraint of trade? I read in the papers that the Postmaster-General has made suggestions that the government operate telegraph wires of its own in competition with the Tel. & Tel."

Our Holyoke reader can form his own opinion after reading this article. In the first place the present Postmaster-General has not reported in favor of government ownership of telegraph and telephone lines, as far as is generally known. Frank Hitchcock, who was Postmaster-General under President Taft, did tentatively suggest government ownership of telegraphs, but no action of any sort was taken. The suggestion was not a new one in this country. It had been brought up before many times in the last forty years. David J. Lewis, a Congressman from Maryland, who was active in the discussions which preceded the adoption of of a Parcel Post, has been studying the advisability of government ownership of both telegraphs and telephones, and he has probably conferred with Postmaster-General Burleson and others. No doubt in time Lewis will introduce a bill looking toward government ownership.

Unlike the Parcel Post

THERE is a certain consistency in maintaining that if the government operates all postal communications it should likewise operate all wire communications. But it must be remembered that the government already had plant and machinery for parcel post. Indeed there are numerous students who maintain that the American government never intended private express companies to spring up, and that only carelessness permitted it. Certainly there is grave doubt whether the founders of the Post-Office ever intended it to be other than a monopoly. Thus the express companies have been interlopers, as it were. For more than half a century there has been an expensive duplication of postal facilities. The government had one post-office and three or four closely related private concerns ran another post-office. Finally the absurdity of this duplication of functions became evident—the more evident because express rates had long been outrageously high, and further because there had not been any cash investment to speak of, in these companies. They had grown fat solely through their charges upon the public.

Now telephone rates have never been subject to anything like the complaint and dissatisfaction which express rates caused. Moreover the telephone companies while making large profits have not done business wholly on surplus profits like the express companies. Within a generation investors have actually put several hundred millions of their savings into telephone plants. Thus the telephone companies cannot be regarded, like express companies, as in a sense parasites upon the public post roads (railroads). And the government, to enter the telephone business, would not merely employ machinery which it already has, but would either have to buy the present plant or build a new one to compete with the existing system.

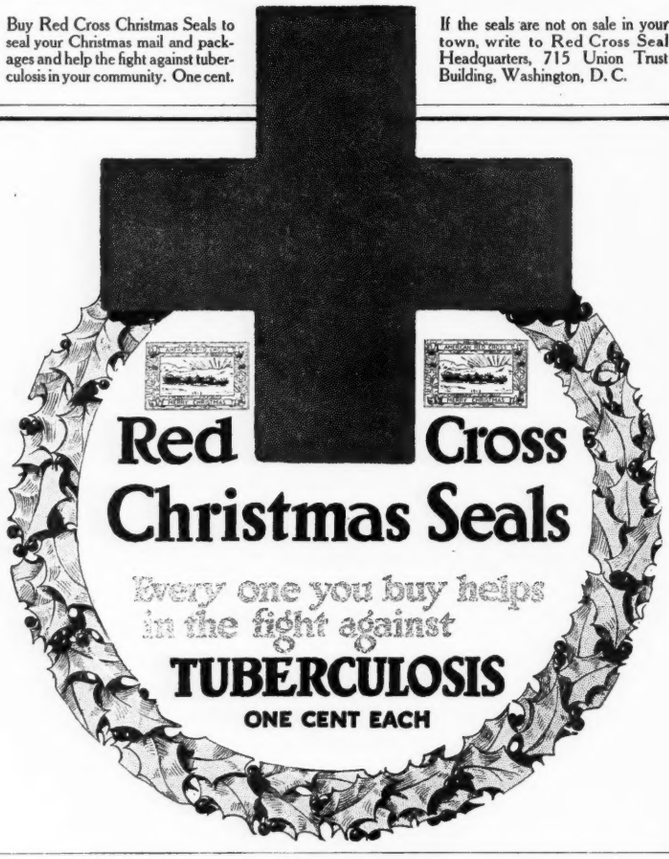
Local and Long Distance

WASHINGTON reports say the prevailing idea is to take over only the long-distance wires. This is not practical. The government would have to take over the whole system or nothing.

What better way of living up to the full meaning of Christmas Time?

Buy Red Cross Christmas Seals to seal your Christmas mail and packages and help the fight against tuberculosis in your community. One cent.

If the seals are not on sale in your town, write to Red Cross Seal Headquarters, 715 Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.



It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.

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Local and long-distance service are too closely related to separate them. A man in Boston wishes to talk with a man in New York, and then desires to 'phone his wife in Newton (a few miles away) that he will be home late for dinner. Do not suppose for a moment that different machinery is used for the two conversations. The Bostonian in both cases calls up the same "central." The long-distance wire is the least of the mechanism employed. If the government took over the long-distance wires it would have to make an arrangement with the company to utilize all of its local facilities, take over the local facilities themselves, or duplicate them.

Total assets of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company stand on the company's books at $924,000,000. (It is reported that Congressman Lewis has said it would cost the government $900,000,000 to take over the system.) But an unprejudiced appraisal of the company's plant recently showed that to reproduce, it would cost $61,000,000 more, or a total of $985,000,000. The total debts of every conceivable kind are $366,000,000, leaving a physical reproduction value of $619,000,000 to care for $393,000,000 of stock, owned, as we have seen, mostly by women and small investors in general. But to be generous let us write off 20 per cent. or $160,000,000, for depreciation, or possible error of the engineers. That still leaves $459,000,000, or $117 on each share of stock, without taking into consideration any intangible assets, such as good-will, patents, franchises, cost of developing the business, or going concern values. It may also be said that some of the company's investment holdings are worth more than they are carried on the books.

What the Government Can Do

YET no one should dodge the fact that the government *could* injure the company if it really set out to do so. Governments do not have to compete with private industries on a business basis, for they can raise money by taxation to make up the deficit. That the government should enter into competition with the telephone system is almost incredible. It would take twenty years, probably, to build up a plant and organization as efficient as the private one now in existence.

Suppose the government takes over the telephone system at a fair price for all concerned. It would probably take Congress years to decide upon such an expensive step. But suppose such action is taken, where do the 20,000 independent companies and the Postal Telegraph stand? Either they will have to be ruthlessly and cold-bloodedly driven out of business, or bought out. The problem, it may be seen, is one not easily to be settled.

Then there is the question of whether the telephone company is a trust. Mr. Wickersham, President Taft's Attorney-General, took up that subject and decided after a prolonged study that suits against the company would be inadvisable. He suggested that the Interstate Commerce Commission make an exhaustive study of the industry and regulate it thoroughly. This the Commission is now doing. The present Attorney-General has brought one suit against one portion of the telephone system. Whether other suits will be brought is not known. In many respects the business is logically a monopoly. It cannot be broken up into segments as the tobacco, oil and steel bus-

inesses might conceivably be. It is in a wholly different class from all manufacturing enterprises. It is a public service company. There are only two logical lines of procedure, strict government regulation or government ownership. The breaking up of the system into many small, privately owned and managed units is inconceivably absurd. That is the one thing which assuredly will not be brought about.

A Strong Financial Position

I AM not competent to act as a prophet. I cannot tell what the people or the government of this country will do in decades to come. But I do know that a corporation which is sound and financially strong is in a better position to dicker with other private parties or with the people at large than one which is weak.

The American Telephone & Telegraph Company is in an enviable financial position. In the first place it is not overburdened with debt. Its debts are relatively small. It has a third more stock than bonds. And of its debt, a large amount consists of bonds which are convertible into stock, and are being so exchanged every day. In the last five years, interest payments on debt have increased less than $4,000,000, while dividends have increased more than $11,000,000. In five years assets have grown $311,000,000, while all capital obligations have increased slightly less than $200,000,000.

Maintaining 8 per cent. Dividends

WILL the company continue to earn 8 per cent. dividends? Of course no one can predict years ahead what any business will earn. The uncertainties of human affairs are too great for that. But the telephone business is a steady one. It fluctuates as little as any important industry. It resembles the post-office in stability of revenue. Earnings do not fall off in panics. Its revenues never stop. They come in with far more certainty than even the receipts of the largest and most firmly established steam railroads. Telephone companies extend very little credit. Their business is practically on a cash basis, and they deal in a commodity which is being used in all parts of the country and shows every sign of being used more as time goes on.

The outstanding obligations of the Tel. & Tel. are so low in comparison with the actual plant that the company has to earn only 5 per cent. on that plant to pay its 8 per cent. dividends. There is certainly little traceable water in the stock. Of course, if telephone rates the country over were reduced materially, it might not be as easy as now to pay the 8 per cent. But there is a lot of room between the present earnings and the 8 per cent. dividend. In 1912 the combined operating companies after setting aside $35,000,000 for depreciation, and paying interest and dividends, had surplus earnings of more than $13,000,000. There is room here for considerable reduction in rates without making the stockholders forego dividends, and the best part of it is that for a good many years past the same wise policy has been followed.

No one can undertake to say just what the future has in store for the telephone system, but judging by its present condition it ought to be able to weather some severe storms.

What They Think of Us

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Denver (Colo.)

I have been following HARPER'S WEEKLY with the greatest interest. I am delighted at some of the subjects you are taking up. That recent article on unmarried mothers is the finest thing I have seen in a long time.

Joseph R. Rhoads, Overbrook (Pa.)

Your reading matter is, I think, very poor and very wild.

Helen Ring Robinson, Denver (Colo.)

It is late, I know, to congratulate you on the article "What Women Are After," in HARPER'S WEEKLY of August 16—but I have just discovered it.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies."

[Mrs. Robinson is a member of the Senate in the suffrage state of Colorado.—Ed. HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

H. S. Warwick, Secretary of the Ohio State University Association, Columbus (Ohio)

Now I read HARPER'S WEEKLY. It has the PIPP, which being interpreted, signifies, Pep, Interest, Personality and Power.

Wausau (Wis.) *Daily Record-Herald*

The only thing that is really regrettable is that the WEEKLY was not permitted to die outright. The real tragedy is the spectacle of the poor, puling, saffron-tinted thing that now calls itself HARPER'S WEEKLY, wallowing, like a bastard half-breed, under the shadow of a great name.

Richmond (Va.) *Virginian*

Comes a critic who says that Norman's editorials are the weakest thing about the publication. Nevertheless, Hapgood is getting out an interesting publication. He is usually wrong, and his grammar may be slightly off color, his editorials are not to be compared with Colonel Harvey's, its cartoons run the editorial policy a close race for the badge of futurism, but the magazine is different from the others, is interesting in form and make-up, and everything in it is interesting. Norman is getting out an interesting, entertaining, and valuable weekly. Otherwise people would not take the trouble to criticize it.

Detroit (Mich.) *Evening News*

What Hapgood has done with HARPER'S WEEKLY is a fright to the old readers who were young fifty years ago, before the invention of art, industry, organization, and ideas.

San Diego (Cal.) *Union*

The other day the Century Club of San Francisco, an organization of women blue stockings, burned Brieux because he wrote "Damaged Goods, "Maternity," and "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont." Fortunately there was no Strindberg in the Century Club library or there would have been a conflagration to rival the disaster of 1906. Brieux merely offended the modesty of these *precieuses ridicules;* Strindberg would have shocked their womanhood to its uttermost foundations. Largely in consequence of the Strindberg assault, there is no more feminism in Norway, or, for that matter, in Northern Europe. The feminists of America don't know that. Even Norman Hapgood doesn't know that feminism is a back number fad in Europe. It is like feminine fashions—out of fashion in the place of its origin when it is just coming into fashion here.

New York Evening Sun

A West Virginia school boy is puzzling the doctors because he persists in writing upside down. The little chap should not be discouraged. He may yet grow up to become an editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Youngstown (Ohio) *Vindicator*

While the paper has lost the distinction of thought and expression which George Harvey gave it, nevertheless it's filled with "stuff" we all want to see. He is devoting himself chiefly to the Wilson administration and to the sex problem. Of this last, he writes and permits his contributors to write with a frankness which will startle the old ladies among his readers, but will swell his subscription lists, and yet there's not a prurient word in it all, and it's sound to the core. The sketches by T. P. O'Connor, M.P., of "Orators Who Have Influenced Me," are delightfully interesting and informing and the cartoons are surely "different,"—they're coarse and most of the women subjects are vulgar, but the pictures are haunting in the impression they must create for the typical "Broadway Girl" and her pale reflection to be seen in the grill rooms of every city.

Youngstown (N. C.) *Telegram*

You will enjoy the new HARPER'S WEEKLY if you sit in the farthest corner of the room and have someone read it to you.

Harry Edward Freund, Editor "The Musical Age," New York City

HARPER'S WEEKLY with Norman Hapgood as editor has opened a new field of really great journalism, and that class of journalism that leads the way to true civilization.

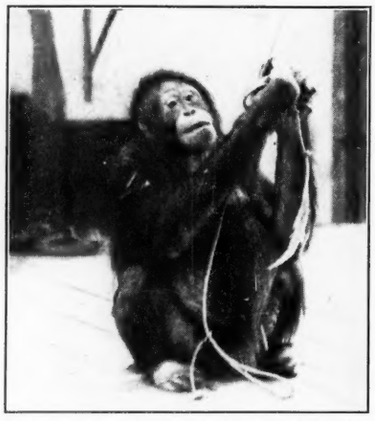
The American people must appreciate the new HARPER'S WEEKLY as today the minds of people of all Nations are being educated to the higher phases of life and of natural living.

San Francisco (Cal.) *Star*

Many readers have waited to see what Hapgood (and the McClures) can do with HARPER'S WEEKLY. Well, they appear to aim at the masterword of these modern days: "Service," for the good of all of us. No off-color stories here—things which too many publications still think profitable. It will prove otherwise; sex questions are not omnipresent and eternal in the average normal human being; toil, knowledge, friendship, the things of the spirit and the intellect and love as life's ally and helper, not as its tyrant; such is the healthy way to put it. Sincere literary artists found this out ages ago. HARPER'S WEEKLY is on the right track.

Stratford Lee Morton, General Agent, The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford, St. Louis (Mo.)

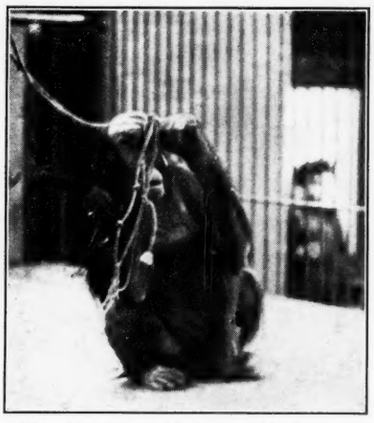
Keep up the good work and give us more of your "shredded wheat" illustrations.



Molly promptly seized the rope in both hands and fastened the ends together in a secure knot

A Knot-Tying Orang-Utan

By GEORGE GLADDEN



The clever ape needed no particular urging to attempt the feat of untying the knot she had tied

IT has been my great good fortune, during the past eight months, to be able to observe almost daily the remarkable group of anthropoid apes included in the collection of that splendid institution, the New York Zoölogical Park. The group comprises five orang-utans, and four chimpanzees, all perfect specimens, usually in excellent health and spirits, and constituting an exhibit far superior, I believe, to any other of the kind in this country or in Europe.

Apes and monkeys of all kinds furnish an inexhaustible supply of mere amusement for all ages of humans, and I, for one, hope that I shall never grow too old to laugh at their antics, and the practical jokes they play on one another. At the same time, I am often surprised by the apparent failure of seemingly intelligent adults to note the real *understanding* which much of this play involves, especially in the case of the anthropoid apes.

One day I joined a group of about twenty persons, who were gazing into the cage occupied by the orangs, "Mimi" and "Molly," both remarkably fine specimens, and both females, though "Molly" is frequently called "Mike," for facial reasons which show in the accompanying illustrations. Both are approximately the same age—about eight years—and have been in the Park since they were about a year old. But Mimi is much the heavier, her weight being 124 pounds, her height about forty-two inches, and her reach six feet, eight and one-half inches, while Molly's weight is ninety-eight pounds, and her height about the same as Mimi's, and her reach six feet, seven and one-half inches.

Molly was sitting on the ledge in the rear of the cage, holding in one foot the bar of the trapeze, which hangs normally five or six feet from, and about on a level with the ledge. In the one hand, she held a piece of heavy manila twine, which evidently she had just found in the straw. As I watched her, she passed the twine over the trapeze bar, and then deliberately *tied the ends together in a hard knot.*

That it was a hard knot became apparent, because immediately it was fashioned, Molly put her long hand through the loop, and swung herself off the ledge, to which she held with the free hand, carefully testing the strength of the cord and the knot with more and more of her weight, until she was hanging free of the ledge. The knot held.

HER next performance displayed another kind of intelligence. Apparently satisfied as to the strength of the twine and the security of the knot, she dropped to the floor, seized two *footfulls* of straw, and climbed back to the ledge, pulling the trapeze bar along. She then twisted the straw closely about the twine, and again swung off from the ledge, hanging by one hand from the straw covered loop. Is there any room for speculation as to why the straw was used in this way?

Subsequently I saw Molly tie a knot under conditions which indicated a pretty clear idea of its utility in an emergency. On this occasion, Keeper Fred Engeholm (who has charge of the Primates' House), threw a piece of clothesline, about twenty feet long, to Molly who sat near the wall in the open cage, part of which is shown in the accompanying illustrations. In the cage at the time were the other orangs, Mimi, Sam, Babe and Lewie, and the chimpanzees, Dick and Susie. All of these apes, and especially Dick and Susie, love to get hold of a rope and drag each other around with it, and in this instance the chimpanzees promptly pounced on the rope and tried to pull it away from Mike. Now, Molly is a very powerful ape, and much more than a match for Dick and Susie combined. But she is neither as aggressive nor as active as the chimpanzees, and furthermore she doesn't care much for their rough and tumble methods of getting what they want.

SO when Dick and Susie made common cause, and hauled away on the line, like a couple of sailors on a mainsail sheet, Molly, making two or three turns of the rope around her powerful arm, calmly backed up to the wall, easily pulling along the tugging little chimpanzees. Once under the rail (shown in the illustrations) she deliberately passed the line over it, and made it fast with a double square knot. Then she sat down and, with what I fancied was a grin on her usually impassive countenance, watched the frantic but futile efforts of Dick and Susie, as they danced about and tugged on the line. But the knot held, and Keeper Engeholm was obliged to go into the cage and untie it, which he did only with considerable effort.

Molly's knot-tying accomplishment so interested me, that I resolved to catch and record her in the very act. This I have been able to do. The photographs from which the accompanying illustrations were made, were taken in the large outside cage (used in summer by the anthropoid apes), with Molly as the performer, and Keeper Engeholm and Mimi as audience. Under these conditions, although the light is much dimmed by the roof and bars of the cage, necessitating the use of a very slow shutter speed in my camera, I managed to get the accompanying photographs of Molly in the very act of tying and untying knots.

The clever ape needed no particular urging to induce her to attempt the feats. Keeper Engeholm looped the rope double over the trapeze bar, as it is shown in the illustrations, and then simply said:

"Go ahead, now, Molly, and tie your knot."

Molly promptly ambled over underneath the trapeze, seized the rope in both hands, and with a few deliberate motions, fastened the ends together in a secure knot. One of the accompanying illustrations shows the beginning of the operation. In the other photograph, she is untying a knot which she herself had tied.

In reply to my questions as to how Molly learned to perform this feat, I have been assured by Keeper Engeholm and his assistants that she had no instruction from any of them, and that she must have studied out the act on her own initiative. This, of course, makes the performance the more remarkable. Lacking a more plausible explanation of how she got the idea of a knot at all, I am inclined to think that she must have noticed one in a cord which came into her possession accidentally or otherwise, that her natural curiosity prompted her to untie it, and that this, in turn, suggested the reverse operation. In this connection, I may add that the orangs frequently twist straw into a sort of rope, which they loop over the trapeze bar, tie, and then swing on until it breaks.